

American

FEBRUARY 25 CENTS

MERCURY

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The Soft Underbelly of the U. S. A.

by RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Asian Wars Need Asian Soldiers

by GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

The Ladies Elected Ike

by IVY BAKER PRIEST

The American Mercury

COMMENCES ITS
THIRTIETH CONSECUTIVE YEAR
OF PUBLICATION



THE STAFF of the magazine is excited about some of the articles we will be bringing your way during 1953.

It will be the policy of the editors to bring you the best available writers on the most important subjects facing the country today.

While many of the projected stories may well be highly controversial, they will be written by competent people, familiar with their subject and will have been thoroughly researched.

Elsewhere in the magazine you will find a convenient subscription blank. May we suggest that you return it immediately and insure yourself copies of THE AMERICAN MERCURY during the coming months.

Sincerely,

The Editors

American

MERCURY

VOLUME LXXVI
NUMBER 350

A MAGAZINE OF IDEAS FEBRUARY 1953

Founded by Henry L. Mencken

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THIRTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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As our magazine starts its 30th year of publication we are often asked what we stand for — and what we are against.

Ours is a simple purpose.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY is dedicated to Americanism. We are for everything that is good for this nation and we are against everything that is bad for our country.

We propose to bring to the attention of our readers, whenever we can, the things that the men and women of America should know and do something about.

Very likely we shall not always be popular but we shall give you honest opinions — honestly expressed.

Until such time as someone comes along with a better formula we shall not change this one.

RUSSELL MAGUIRE

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In the MERCURY'S

OPINION

A NEW TYPE of bigotry has grown up around the names of Whittaker Chambers, Elizabeth T. Bentley and Louis Francis Budenz. There are others, but these are perhaps the most widely known of the persons whose names seem to evoke, in some circles, a psychopathic antipathy of torrential proportions.

For want of a better phrase, we shall call it anti-ex-Communist bigotry. In its vehemence, it may be doubted whether it has any equal in anti-Communist sentiment, hysterical and irrational as the latter is said by some to be.

One finds this anti-ex-Communist bigotry in strange and unexpected places. It is, of course, a natural psychological reaction of still-loyal Communists. It is expressed in every possible combination of words in the pages of the Communist Party's official organ, the *Daily Worker*. It is not even surprising to find it among the now familiar anti-anti-Communists, like James Wechsler and the *New York Post*, who fly into a rage over Dies, McCarthy, Nixon, Winchell and other effective anti-Communists. But, when one finds this new bigotry in the most conservative salons of Park Avenue and compa-



nable circles, it is clear that the rational processes of understanding have broken down.

Let there be no misconception of our position: anyone has a constitutional right to detest and speak ill of Chambers, Bentley, and Budenz. We are not in favor of a statute to make anybody like anybody else. To think and speak foolishly is a long-established constitutional privilege of Americans, upheld by our highest court. What we do question are the intellectual and moral bases of this bigotry.

There is no more irrational or untrue dictum than the one which says: once a Communist always a Communist. To hold to such a principle is not only to reveal a woeful ignorance of human nature, but is a complete repudiation of the heart of Judeo-Christian philosophy. The possibility of human rehabilitation, even after the deepest depths of depravity have been reached, is a doctrine central to the theology of the Old and New Testaments. Through all the ages of the Judeo-Christian civilization, repentance and conversion have been the theme of religion's most exciting and glorious epics. The Old Testament is

filled with divine invitations to the wayward to return to their God and find forgiveness for all their iniquities. The stories of the Prodigal Son, of Saul of Tarsus, of Saint Augustine are only a few of the recorded miracles of faith. All these and their clear implications are repudiated by the present-day anti-ex-Communist bigots, whether they know it or not.

Strangely enough, Chambers, Bentley, and Budenz seem to have incurred the bigots' wrath because they have possessed the moral courage to confess openly the blackest aspects of their complicity in the Communist conspiracy.

Chambers, Bentley, and Budenz have served their country well, in its fundamental security measures against the Communist conspiracy.

For their testimony on behalf of the government and the American people, these ex-Communists have been dubbed "squealers" by such self-styled anti-Communists as Morris L. Ernst and David Loth, in their recent book entitled *Report on the American Communist*. "Squealers" is a word loaded with moral derogation. Ernst and Loth must have considered the clear alternative to the testimony of the ex-Communists, to wit, that Hiss, Brothman, the Rosenbergs, and the Communist Party leaders remain at large and with full immunity from prosecution for their acts against the security of the United States. That alternative is a grave responsibility for any American to assume.

Our Latin American Blunders

One of the urgent tasks confronting President Eisenhower and his Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, is that of developing a sensible, workable, mutually satisfactory policy towards Latin America.

The urgency of repairing our Latin American relations is graphically highlighted by Ralph de Toledano, in his thoughtful article on page 114 of this issue, *The Soft Underbelly of the U. S. A.* As Mr. de Toledano points out, while our attention has been concentrated on Korea, on Southeast Asia, on Europe, on Africa, on the Middle East, all thousands of miles away, the Soviet Union has been quietly moving in right next door to us in Central America.

The Communists and their fellow-traveling politicians have secured a firm grip on the government of Guatemala. With Guatemala as their foothold, skilled Communist agitators are fanning out into all of the neighboring countries in the Caribbean area, in a carefully calculated program to create political and social unrest, undermine economies and drive out United States investors. From the Rio Grande to the tip of Tierra del Fuego, an unrelenting barrage of Communist propaganda is whipping into a feverish hatred, the latent distrust toward the United States that has long existed in the southern republics.

The alarming successes that the

Communists have achieved in Latin America have resulted not so much from their own skill, as from the incredible blunders of U. S. diplomacy. During the 20 years of Roosevelt and Truman, of Hull, Stettinius, Byrnes, Marshall and Acheson, our Latin American policy has consisted of a series of abrupt and startling reversals. One moment we were wooing the Latino with all the ardor of a lovesick teen-ager; the next we were ignoring him completely.

During the war hordes of starry-eyed irresponsibles descended on Latin America, wearing the official badge of the United States government. They squandered hundreds of millions of dollars on ill-considered economic programs, and they literally deluged the officials and publics of those countries with lavish promises of the billions of dollars in loans and gifts that would be forthcoming after the war was over. Promises which never should have been made in the first place, and which never were kept in the second place. But promises which are remembered to this day throughout Latin America.

The result was disillusionment and resentment — and an unparalleled opportunity for Communist propagandists. An opportunity they were quick to seize.

As Mr. Dulles takes over the helm at the Department of State, U. S. prestige south of the Rio Grande is

close to an all-time low. His task of repairing the damage is one which requires a maximum of tact, patience and diplomatic skill.

It is imperative, of course, that the damage be repaired, and promptly. In event of an all-out war with the Soviet Union, the easiest supply lines to defend from Red submarines will be those from Central and South America. And in peace or in war, American industry is increasingly dependent upon those countries for supplies of critical raw materials.

Conversely, those countries are equally dependent upon the U. S. They must look to us for defense against the Red aggressor in event of war. They desperately need our technical and industrial skills and products to develop their economies. They need private U. S. capital to expand their production, and raise their living standards.

And there is Mr. Dulles' great advantage. A true mutuality of interests exists. Moreover, as Mr. de Toledano points out, the aspirations of the Latin American countries are completely incompatible with the dogmas and policies of Communism.

The job confronting President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles is to break down the suspicion of our Latin neighbors, to convince them of our mutual interests, and to acquaint them with the sinister motives of the Communist conspirators.

• THE MERCURY

DALEN PANDO

DALEN PANDO, who penned "The Little Patriot of Ybor City," is the eldest daughter in a family of nine who have lived as a unit in Cuba, Cincinnati, Brooklyn and now in Tampa, Florida. She is secretary to the Director of the School of Inter-American Studies of the University of Florida and this is her first published short story.

TAMARA ANDREEVA

The author of "Tilly's Profitable Romance" is a Russian-born writer who makes her home in Pacific Palisades, California. A photographer, as well as a writer, Miss Andreeva does work for many of the outstanding magazines, newspapers and feature services in the country in addition to a great deal of free-lance writing.

The story of Tilly Lewis has created a great deal of comment, especially on the West Coast, where Mrs. Lewis was a very popular citizen indeed.

J. B. MATTHEWS

DR. J. B. MATTHEWS, whose article "Communists in the White House," appears in this month's MERCURY, is the nation's outstanding authority on Communism. The author of more than forty books, Dr. Matthews was the first Research Director for the House Un-American Activities Committee, and has questioned hundreds of witnesses. The official record made by Matthews has been one of the most important phases in the government's fight against the Red scourge. He is consulted constantly by almost every department of the Federal Government, and his

sources of information are unparalleled in the field of Communist research. He is married and lives in New York.

VICTOR RIESEL

VICTOR RIESEL is the country's best-known journalist in the field of labor. His syndicated column appears in nearly 200 papers throughout the United States, and his sources of information are enormous and far-reaching. His article, "Labor and Eisenhower," is a keen and brilliant analysis of what may be expected on the labor front during the Eisenhower Administration. Mr. Riesel resides in New York with his wife and two children.

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

RALPH DE TOLEDANO is one of the most brilliant of the younger writers in America. His article in this issue of MERCURY, "The Soft Underbelly of the U. S. A.," focuses attention on the most neglected area of U. S. foreign affairs, Latin America, and the steady inroads of the Communist menace there. He is the co-author of "Seeds of Treason," and wrote "Spies, Dupes, and Diplomats," both books best-sellers and outstanding in the field of foreign affairs and Communism. Mr. de Toledano is an associate editor of *Newsweek*, writes numerous articles for our best magazines, is married, has two children, and lives in New York.

HOWARD RUSHMORE

HOWARD RUSHMORE, in his introductory paragraph on Roy M. Cohn in this issue,

CONTRIBUTORS

refers to a Soviet list of Americans who would be liquidated "come the revolution." He does not add that his own name is on the list.

For the past dozen years Mr. Rushmore has covered major Communist trials in New York and Washington including the Hiss, Rosenberg, Remington and 1949 Communist leaders cases.

A Missourian who quit high school to enter newspaper work, Rushmore also has appeared as an expert witness on Communism before many Congressional and State committees and holds medals awarded him by the American Legion and many other organizations for his journalistic fight against the Reds.

Mr. Rushmore lives in New York with his wife and two children.

♦ ♦ ♦

JOSEPH BREED

JOSEPH BREED, the author of "Give the Gobs a Break!" is a political writer whose work has appeared in the New York *Herald Tribune*, *Time*, *Life*, *U.S.A.*, *Look*, and other publications. Ships, the sea, and all things maritime are his avocation, about which he writes occasionally. He served as an officer in the U. S. Maritime Service during World War II, and his work on the theory of navigation has been published by the U. S. Naval Institute at Annapolis.

♦ ♦ ♦

IGOR CASSINI

IGOR CASSINI, the famed Cholly Knickerbocker of the New York *Journal-American* and scores of other papers from coast to coast, is the most widely read Society Editor in the United States. He is married

and works from a midtown Manhattan apartment. Little of interest in the social world escapes the astute Mr. Cassini, and he is distinguished in his field by a long record of fighting subversion in and out of the social world. His "Government by Cocktail," is a typical Cassini piece.

♦ ♦ ♦

MRS. IVY B. PRIEST

A leader in Republican organizations for 20 lean years, MRS. IVY B. PRIEST is a woman who literally lifted herself up by her political bootstraps from a telephone operator in Bountiful, Utah, to President Eisenhower's new Treasurer of the United States. The eldest of seven children, she left college in her freshman year to help support the family. She served in various state, regional and national Republican women's organizations, and was selected by Chairman Arthur E. Summerfield to head the Women's Division of the Republican National Committee during the last campaign. She is the mother of three children, Patricia Ann, 15; Nancy Ellen, 10; and Roy Jr., 9. Her article in this issue, "The Ladies Elected Ike," will provoke discussion among political leaders of both parties — and of both sexes.

♦ ♦ ♦

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT, author of "Asian Wars Need Asian Soldiers," needs no introduction to the readers of the *MERCURY*. He is one of the outstanding writers and lecturers in the country on military subjects, conducts a weekly newspaper column, and is now at work on another book — this one a serious analysis of the workings of military alliances.

By J. B. Matthews

COMMUNISTS IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Footnotes on the Shameful Years

IN THE LONG Roosevelt-Truman era which came to a close on January 20, 1953, American Communists frequently and freely came and went at the White House. This is a story which can now be told without fear of government reprisals.

To those who ask, in a fog of sentimentality, that the record of the Shameful Years be forgotten and buried, the answer is that the defenders of the era will not have it thus. They have constituted themselves an hysterical smearbund, seizing every opportunity to besmirch the high patriotism of Martin Dies and Joe McCarthy, who successively sought to apprise the American people of what was taking place at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. They must be answered with the facts.

The erstwhile head of the American Communist Party was a welcome visitor at the White House. American agents of the Soviet conspiracy came and went freely. Young

Communist hoodlums who were invited as overnight guests remained for days, the bill for their bed and board charged to American taxpayers. American Communists who were deeply involved in the Kremlin's network of espionage were entertained at intimate dinners by the President of the United States and his wife.

This article deals only with the American Youth Congress and its Communist leaders who had the run of the White House. The Youth Congress was one of the largest and most influential organizations ever operated by the Communists in the United States. Much of its success and most of its prestige stemmed directly from its White House patroness.

The question of the Communist control of the American Youth Congress was settled once and for all by an FBI memorandum, prepared in 1942, which declared that the first meeting of the organization,

in August, 1934, was characterized by "the establishment of Communist control which never has been relinquished."

In 1947, the Attorney General of the United States cited the American Youth Congress as "Communist and subversive." His citation simply took official notice of what had been known for a number of years.

The national chairman of the Youth Congress was one William Wheeler Hinckley, a Communist Party member who was a frequent White House guest. Hinckley stepped directly from four years of leadership of this subversive organization into federal government employment and held positions successively in the United States Office of Education, the Railroad Retirement Board, and the Treasury Department, thanks to the prestige which he acquired from sponsorship by the White House.

BEFORE TAKING UP the case of William Wheeler Hinckley in detail, it is in order to list the names of a few out of the many government officials who, taking their cue from the White House, endorsed, sponsored, or otherwise supported the obviously Communist and subversive American Youth Congress. They included the following: Mary McLeod Bethune, of the National Youth Administration; Ruth O. Blakeslee, of the Social Security Board; Harold L. Ickes,

of the Department of the Interior; Dorothy Kenyon, of the Department of State; Robert Morss Lovett, of the Department of the Interior; Archibald MacLeish, of the Library of Congress; Robert Marshall, of the Department of the Interior; Goodwin Watson, of the Federal Communications Commission; Aubrey Williams, of the National Youth Administration; and M. L. Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture. All of these individuals were high-level government officials. They felt free to ignore Martin Dies and follow the lead of the White House.

Among the personages who were cajoled, bamboozled, deceived, or otherwise drawn into the support of the subversive American Youth Congress was the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Edward J. "Boss" Flynn, who was clearly more bossed than boss in this business.

In May, 1940, Flynn mailed the following invitation to some of his financially well-situated acquaintances:

At the suggestion of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, I am asking a small group of people to my home, 2728 Henry Hudson Parkway, for a buffet supper, on Wednesday evening, May 8th, at 7:30 o'clock. I should be delighted if you could join us.

The purpose of the gathering is to introduce a few representatives of the American Youth Congress who are anxious to present their

problem to people who are in a position to help them financially. As you know, Mrs. Roosevelt is keenly interested in assisting these young people, and she will be with us on that evening to introduce their members.

Will you be good enough to let me know if it will be possible for you to join us? Would you address your reply to 2728 Henry Hudson Parkway?

Yours very truly,
EDWARD J. FLYNN

It would be most enlightening to know how many and which bigshot financial suckers went to Flynn's buffet supper to support subversion, "at the suggestion of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt." It is highly unlikely that anything of its kind will ever again happen in American history. It would also be interesting to know which of the Communists from the American Youth Congress were introduced to financial society at Flynn's home that evening.

William W. Hinckley's four-year tenure in the leadership of the American Youth Congress had ended in July, 1939. On November 30, 1939, he was called as a witness before the Special Committee on Un-American Activities. He was accompanied to the congressional hearing room by, believe it or not, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who entertained him and some of his Communist associates at lunch at the White House that day, as if to defy the Committee.

CONGRESSMAN JOE STARNES OF ALABAMA, acting chairman of the Dies Committee that day, asked Hinckley the following question: "You deny, on the part of your organization, that you are Communist-controlled, Communist-motivated?" Hinckley replied under oath: "Absolutely." Starnes continued: "And that you personally are not a Communist, or in sympathy with the Communists?" Again Hinckley replied under oath: "Absolutely." Any objective reader of the evidence may decide for himself whether or not the young White House guests of that day were a bunch of miserable liars.

The congressional hearings on that day, as well as those on the following day, were memorable for the contemptuous and defiant demeanor of William W. Hinckley, Joseph Cadden, Jack McMichael, and Joseph P. Lash, all of whom testified during the proceedings and all of whom were leaders of the American Youth Congress. They appeared, be it remembered, under the protecting prestige of the First Lady. At one point during the proceedings, McMichael went to sleep leaning on the shoulder of Mrs. Roosevelt, or at least he feigned sleep. News photographers snapped shots of this cozy scene.

Many years later (May 6, 1950), Elizabeth T. Bentley testified before the Committee on Un-American Activities that she personally had signed William W. Hinckley's Com-

munist Party membership card in 1935. Furthermore, she recalled a conversation she had had with William W. Remington about the Hinckleys in which Remington had remarked: "I saw him [Hinckley] very recently and he is still a very good Communist and so is his wife."

Some weeks after Miss Bentley's testimony, the Committee on Un-American Activities called Hinckley to the witness stand (June 8, 1950). Committee counsel Frank S. Tavenner, Jr., asked him the following question: "Did you ever sit in a Communist Party meeting attended by William Walter Remington?" Hinckley refused to answer on the ground of self-incrimination.

Tavenner then put the sixty-four-dollar question to Hinckley: "Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?" Hinckley's answer had the familiar ring of the old refrain: "I refuse to answer that question for the reason that my answer might tend to incriminate me." (Needless to say, Mrs. Roosevelt was not present to lend encouragement to Hinckley on June 8, 1950.) Tavenner was quick to point out that this answer differed markedly from Hinckley's reply to the same question a decade previously when he had declared under oath that he was "absolutely" not a Communist nor a Communist sympathizer. Hinckley pleaded forgetfulness. "I don't remember, Mr. Chairman, what my testimony was on that date," he said, referring to

his sworn testimony in 1939. For a prize example of strategic failure to remember, that belongs in a scrapbook of the improbables. Next to the constitutional protection of the First and Fifth Amendments, "lapse of memory" has become the favorite device of the Communists and fellow travelers when they are hard pressed on the witness stand.

ON SOME POINTS, however, Hinckley's memory was excellent. He remembered well the social events in which he had participated at the White House. When asked by Tavenner about his acquaintance with Lee Pressman, who recently admitted that he had been a member of the Communist Party, Hinckley stated that he had met Pressman on several occasions. "Another occasion I recall is at the White House," said Hinckley, "but I don't recall the circumstances or any reason for meeting him there. It was probably a social gathering."

"Did you know Lee Pressman as a member of the Communist Party?" asked Tavenner. Again Hinckley refused to answer, claiming the protection of the Fifth Amendment.

Under questioning, Hinckley readily admitted that he had met Lauchlin Currie.

"What were the circumstances?" asked Tavenner.

Abandoning the protection of the Amendments, Hinckley responded: "It was at the White House. Mr.

Currie had returned from China, and Mrs. Roosevelt had invited some of her friends in for an evening's discussion led by Mr. Currie, and Mr. and Mrs. Currie were there and he talked about his trip to China." Small wonder that White House guards have told how they were shocked at the ease with which Communists came and went at the presidential mansion on Pennsylvania Avenue! We shall never know, of course, the whole story of the number of Kremlin agents who had access to the house which millions of Americans had regarded with something of reverential awe for a century and a half.

Tavener then brought out what Martin Dies had revealed a decade previously, namely, that the Communist Party had paid for Hinckley's trip to Switzerland, where he was a delegate to the World Youth Congress of 1936. On this particular subject, Hinckley had another convenient lapse of memory, with no appeal to the First and Fifth Amendments.

Hinckley's wife, Margaret Cummings Hinckley (reputed to be one of the Boston Four Hundred), followed him on the witness stand on June 8, 1950. Having been sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, Mrs. Hinckley immediately took refuge behind the Fifth Amendment, as was her constitutional privilege, when asked if she was or ever had been a member of the Communist

Party. To her credit, she did not claim her ancestors as an alibi. She pleaded the Constitution's protection against self-incrimination when asked if she had known Elizabeth T. Bentley while she was a student at Columbia University. Miss Bentley had testified that she knew Margaret Cummings Hinckley as a member of the Communist cell at Columbia.

IT IS NOT AT ALL STRANGE that Mrs. Roosevelt has tried to discredit the testimony of Miss Bentley. Jury after jury, to say nothing of the FBI, has put the stamp of authenticity on the testimony of Miss Bentley. In the most exacting legal procedures, her testimony has stood the test, to the great discomfiture of some of Mrs. Roosevelt's friends. Apparently, some of these friends who once had the run of the White House have learned from the experience of Alger Hiss that it is better to rely for protection on the Constitution or a lapse of memory than to try perjury.

It is not often during a President's occupancy of the White House that he is called upon to address a private, nonofficial organization on the grounds of the mansion on Pennsylvania Avenue. Certainly such occasions were rare during the incumbency of the late President Roosevelt. He did, nevertheless, address the "Communist and subversive" American Youth Congress, whose delegates gathered on the

south grounds of the White House, and he was booed and hissed for his pains.

This newsworthy event occurred during the second week of February, 1940. The date must be kept in mind. It is not often that a President of the United States is booed and hissed to his face.

The date is important for one special reason, among many. It fell during the period of the Stalin-Hitler Pact and *not* after December 7, 1941, when a lot of foolish but well-intentioned Americans thought we had become an ally of the "great Russian people."

Furthermore, Eleanor Roosevelt has now come forward to lay personal claim to "inducing" the President of the United States to address the delegates of the American Youth Congress on that eventful day in February, 1940. Writing in the fourth installment of her autobiography, which appeared in the September, 1949, issue of *McCall's Magazine*, Mrs. Roosevelt said:

Franklin's first real contact with the American Youth Congress was made *after* [italics mine] I had become fairly certain they were Communist-dominated . . . I induced my husband to address them from the south portico of the White House. It rained that day, and a very wet group stood out in the south grounds. . . . They booed the President.

It is a real revelation to have Mrs. Roosevelt say that by early Febru-

ary, 1940, she had become "fairly certain" that the American Youth Congress was Communist-dominated. What a difference it might have made, if she had revealed her true state of mind on the subject in 1940 instead of waiting until 1949 when it did not matter! The Dies Committee knew of the Communist domination of the American Youth Congress in 1938, and published the fact.

IN HER AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN *McCall's Magazine*, Mrs. Roosevelt also wrote:

I once asked the Dies Committee and the FBI what evidence they had on any of the young people they were talking about. Unabashed, they told me they had none.

Mrs. Roosevelt's most ardent supporter and partisan could hardly fail to perceive the pure myth of her statement in this instance. So far as the Dies Committee's giving her any such reply, I hereby state that her declaration is a nonsensical untruth. It is hardly believable, with respect to the FBI, that the case is otherwise. The FBI memorandum quoted at the beginning of this article said very explicitly that the first meeting of the American Youth Congress in August, 1934, was characterized by "the establishment of Communist control which never has been relinquished."

Despite her being "fairly certain" that the American Youth Congress

was Communist-dominated, Mrs. Roosevelt "induced," by her own admission, the President of the United States to play host to this Kremlin apparatus on the south grounds of the White House. One question will come naturally to anybody's mind: Did she tell the President of the United States, her husband, that she was "fairly certain" the group he was going to address was Communist-dominated?

Yet another question is highly relevant: Did she convey the fact that she was "fairly certain" to William Hinckley, Joseph Cadden, Joseph Lash, and Jack McMichael, all of whom had testified to the contrary only a few weeks previously? On this question, her autobiography is silent. It is, in fact, silent on many important facts about her aid to the Communist conspiracy.

Despite her being "fairly certain" in February, 1940, that the American Youth Congress was Communist-dominated, she induced Bronx boss Ed Flynn to give that dinner on May 8, 1940, for the purpose of raising money for Communist young people. Flynn's dinner invitation to his sucker guests made no mention of the fact that the organization to which they would be expected to give money was Communist-dominated, even though the honor guest of the dinner was "fairly certain" at that time that such was the case. Flynn was, of course, kept in the dark.

DESPITE her being "fairly certain" in early February, 1940, that she was dealing with a group of young Communists, she nevertheless and notwithstanding wrote an article for *Liberty* magazine entitled, "Why I Still Believe in the Youth Congress." This article appeared in *Liberty's* issue of April 20, 1940, more than two months after she had become "fairly certain" of the Communist domination of the organization. The article itself contains irrefutable proof that it was written *after* the second week in February, because it makes a reference to the matter of the booing on the White House south grounds. If, as she now says, the Youth Congress was Communist-dominated and she believed it to be so at the time she wrote her article for *Liberty*, Mrs. Roosevelt had a profound moral obligation to inform the American public of this all-important fact. There is, however, no hint anywhere in the article of what was really in her mind. On the contrary, the plain implication for all readers of *Liberty* was that the Youth Congress was *not* Communist-dominated, because Mrs. Roosevelt was telling millions of gullible readers that she "still believed" in the outfit.

After booing and hissing the President of the United States, the same young Communist hoodlums went to the gallery of the House of Representatives and there booed and hissed the nation's legislators.

In her *Liberty* story, Mrs. Roosevelt dismissed this incident, somewhat cavalierly it would seem, with the following words: "The disturbance in the gallery of the Congress was, of course, unfortunate. Had these youngsters been older, they would have realized that it was very foolish and that it would bring them discredit." Youngsters indeed! They were all of voting age, and, under ordinary circumstances, they would have been arrested, tried, convicted, and given jail sentences. Nothing of the kind happened, however, because the Capitol police knew very well that these hoodlums were pets of the White House. In her *Liberty* article, it must be repeated, Mrs. Roosevelt gave no hint that these "youngsters" were Communists. It was almost ten years later that the American public learned, through her autobiography in *McCall's*, what she *really* thought of these youngsters.

DESPITE the fact that she was "fairly certain" of the Communist domination of the American Youth Congress, Mrs. Roosevelt invited forty senators and representatives to an informal meeting in the White House for the purpose of introducing the legislators to the officials of the American Youth Congress. This White House tete-a-tete for members of Congress and American Youth Congress officials took place on February 5, 1940. It was reported in the press. It is

not hard to imagine what would have happened if the First Lady had invited members of Congress to the White House to meet young people from the German-American Bund.

Despite her being "fairly certain" of the Communist domination of the American Youth Congress, Mrs. Roosevelt flew to Chicago on April 13, 1940, to address a "giant youth peace rally" under the auspices of the American Youth Congress. The announced theme of this rally was the well-known Communist slogan, "The Yanks Are Not Coming." Speaking with Mrs. Roosevelt on that occasion was James B. Carey, CIO secretary, who would like the American public to forget his long record of pro-Communist activities in past years.

Few politicians in the United States have the courage to deal with the recorded facts of Mrs. Roosevelt's aid and comfort to the Communist conspiracy by opening the doors of the White House to its agents.

THIS occupant of the White House permitted the desecration of the memory of a great predecessor by allowing two well-known Communists to be assigned to Lincoln's room when they were guests at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. When a member of Congress remonstrated with the President on this desecration of a national shrine, the President replied, "That's Mrs.

Roosevelt's business." The two Communists, Joseph Cadden and Abbott Simon of the American Youth Congress, were subsequently in the news. More than a year later, Cadden was photographed as he marched up and down in front of the White House as a picket of the notorious and subversive American Peace Mobilization, carrying a placard which denounced his erstwhile

host, the President of the United States. In November, 1951, Abbott Simon, a Communist Party wheelhorse, was placed on trial in federal court, charged with failing to register as an agent of a foreign principal, the foreign principal in this instance being the international Communist conspiracy whose American embodiment was the Peace Information Center.



A Rule of St. Benedict — From an Ancient Manuscript

» "If any pilgrim monk come from distant parts, if with wish as a guest to dwell in the monastery, and will be content with the customs which he finds in the place, do not perchance by his lavishness disturb the monastery, but is simply content with what he finds, he shall be received, for as long a time as he desires. If, indeed, he find fault with anything, or expose it, reasonably, and with the humility of charity, the Abbott shall discuss it prudently, lest perchance God had sent him for this very thing. But, if he has been found gossipy and contumacious in the time of his sojourn as guest, not only ought he not to be joined to the body of the monastery, but also it shall be said to him, honestly, that he must depart. If he does not go, let two stout monks, in the name of God, explain the matter to him."

GIVE THE JOBS A BREAK!



By Joseph B. Breed

ALTHOUGH THE UNITED STATES NOW has the greatest navy in the world, the long-suffering American sailor still wears a uniform that wouldn't pass muster in the bumboat fleet of a banana republic. That isn't just rhetorical; it is literally true. During World War II, the U. S. gob became a favorite target of his own country's cartoonists. The inadequacy of his uniform kept him from social acceptance by headwaiters who wouldn't bat an eye at a Marine or a buck private. Even when he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, the bluejacket had to appear in a "dress" uniform that left a large measure of his undershirt exposed.

In the years since the war, the U. S. Navy has replaced Britannia as ruler of the waves, but the American sailor is still forced to dress like a cafeteria busboy, in cheap cotton cap and undershirt. A man who may wear half a dozen battle stars deserves something better. The plainness and discomfort of the oversnug, underpocketed attire have long since led most gobs to make certain adaptations of their own — when on liberty. But still the Navy does nothing about it.

Why? As the taxpayer might suspect, Uncle Sam pays considerably more to clothe his sailors than does any other government, and the quality of the uniform is undoubtedly the best — of its kind. As anyone who knows the Navy might suspect, the reason given for not changing the uniform is "tradition." Inherent in this, the Brass usually goes on to explain, is the fact that at least some uniform items acquired their sentimental value only after their practical value had clearly made them indispensable. The sailor's ragged, shapeless canvas cap, for example, is said to be far superior to any other type of headgear as an emergency bailing bucket! But the Navy doesn't push the practical argument too far. Tradition is tradition, and that is that.

This has usually been enough to quiet the occasional curious taxpayer; yet the records show that most of the uniform's objectionable features are a *departure* from tradition. Pictures of the "wooden ships and iron men" era show the Yankee sailors in the tarred sennits which gave the modern civilian "sailor" hat its name. And where the modern gob wears nothing but undershirt

between his neckerchief and his skin, the "iron men" in the lithographs wore striped jerseys that look as though they were *intended* to show.

AS THINGS STAND NOW, the American sailor can't help looking sloppy. His cheap cotton cap has no lining, no ornamentation, no sweatband, no crown ring, and consequently no shape. An attempt at the latter is made unofficially by most sailors, through a folding and pressing process designed to give a "salty" touch but usually resulting in a look of hopeless improvisation.

His jumper, much tighter-fitting than the loose blouse of the Old Navy, retains the traditional and seamanlike square collar across the shoulders. But, whereas the Navy doesn't seem to care what the individual sailor does with his cap, it insists that this collar be creased thrice into four vertical scallops. And so it looks like any other flatwork that went through the wringer the wrong way.

The jumper's only pocket, inside or out, is a small one over the left breast. And since this is the only place where the sailor can carry his pack of cigarettes, a blue revenue stamp on a rectangle of tin foil generally appears among his campaign ribbons. If the man is given to habitual hairdressing, his comb emerges alongside.

While most sailors grumble about

the discomfort of the jumper, the dudes among them, reckless in their desperation, make a bad matter worse by saving their money for "tailormades," custom-built jumpers that are so tight they require a zipper down the side. But almost every sailor, tailormade or government-issue, sacrifices looks for comfort at his wrists. Almost invariably, the sailor on shore leave unbuttons his tight cuffs and folds them back. The practice is so common that enterprising outfitters now sell brightly-colored patches, embroidered with dragons and like designs, to mask the ugly inside of the turned-back cuff.

The V-neck of the jumper can be only partly closed by the sailor's silk neckerchief (variously explained as a collar shield against the tarred pigtailed of the Old Navy, and as an imitation of the black kerchief British seamen adopted on the death of Lord Nelson). But this serves only to make the anything-but-dressy undershirt it fails to conceal all the more incongruous.

The sailor's trousers are more seamanlike and traditional. The bell bottoms have been narrowed, however, and the hips are probably snugger than any the iron men of the wooden ships ever suffered. Also, sailors' trousers carried real pockets once upon a time. Your modern gob hasn't even got room for his wallet, which he must wear straddled across his waist seam. It's an easy mark for pickpockets.

BUT IT IS THE CHEAP CAP and the exposed undershirt that represent the real and terrible difference between the seamanlike uniforms of other navies and the makeshift monkey suits our sailors wear. And it would cost little or nothing to correct this situation. Curiously, our sailors are somewhat better dressed in cold weather than in hot. (Indeed, "tradition-minded" Annapolis discarded the sailor's summer dress uniform altogether in the years between the two world wars.) Our men are issued a perfectly respectable blue winter-uniform cap, which, however, they are usually not allowed to wear except in really cold weather. By the simple process of making the blue cap cover replaceable and furnishing one or two white covers, as other navies do, "the greatest fleet in the world" could at least distinguish its men's summer headgear from that of busboys and soda jerks.

As for the undershirt, surely it wouldn't cost much to cover it with a bib, as the English Navy does, or to replace it with a sailor's striped jersey, as the French, Dutch, Norwegian, Japanese, Russian, and other navies do. But the improvement would be worth *any* cost.

A few other simple and inexpensive uniform changes would help the bluejacket's appearance and morale a great deal. He has a cold-weather pea jacket that looks essentially seamanlike, but it lacks the

brass buttons the sailors of other fleets wear. It lacks also the eagle-crested petty officer's badge which is the only distinguished uniform item in the U. S. Navy. If a man is entitled to the eagle and chevrons — or service ribbons too, for that matter — why not let him wear them on his pea jacket?

These recommendations all represent a return to, and not a departure from, the tradition of our own Navy and the universal seafaring tradition still respected by virtually all navies save our own. It's not tradition that keeps the Navy from giving its seamen attractive or even adequate uniforms. It's not a lack of shipboard clothing-locker space, as is sometimes suggested and easily countered (every other navy does a decent job). And it isn't a lack of money. Possibly it is the brass-bound pride of socially ambitious Annapolis that keeps the humble seaman's uniform so painfully distinct from the officer's, while the uniform gulf between officers and enlisted men in the other services — Army, Air Force, and Marines — has all but disappeared.

But whatever the real reason for the poor sailor's uniform, something should certainly be done about it, to give the seagoing fighting man the respect, comfort, and efficiency he deserves. If the Navy insists on maintaining the gulf between officers and men, it could still do so without dressing its men like dishwashers.

ASIAN WARS

Need ASIAN SOLDIERS

By GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

NO WESTERN ARMY has ever fought a successful war in Asia without using Asian soldiers. This was true in the time of Alexander the Great, 2,300 years ago, and it is true today in Korea.

The reason is simple: More than half the world's people live in Asia. Wherever a Western army has come into Asia, it has found itself opposed by vastly superior numbers. Always it has sought to overcome this numerical superiority by superior techniques and superior armament. This works all right at first; but after a while numbers begin to tell. However superior the Western techniques and armaments may be, they still require *some* soldiers on the battlefield. The Asians keep on throwing in the bodies, regardless of losses. The Western force cannot replace its losses from the original source; its manpower supply is not inexhaustible.

The inevitable result has always been that the Western force has had to make up for a shortage of

Western bodies by using Asian bodies — by hiring or inducing Asians to fight Asians.

In the end, you get the result described by Sir Colin Campbell, who was Britain's commander-in-chief in India a century ago: "You can't use a spearhead without a shaft; you can't kill anybody with a shaft that has no point on it. You need both and you need them in combination. In this country, your European troops are your steel spearhead; your native troops are the shaft. Separately they are useless. Together they are formidable."

This has always been so.

Alexander conquered vast regions of Asia by his invincible combination of the solid infantry phalanx, sixteen files deep, and mobile wings of heavy cavalry to deliver the decisive blow when the enemy assaults had broken against the phalanx. In his first campaigns, the phalanx was a solid mass of Macedonians — the boys from home. After ten years' fighting in Asia,

only the first three ranks of the phalanx plus the rear rank were Macedonians; the other twelve ranks were Asiatic "fillers." Today in Korea, General James A. Van Fleet informs us, about 25 per cent of the U. S. infantry units are KATUSA's — Korean Augmentation to the U. S. Army. They are integrated into the rifle squads just as Asiatics were integrated into Alexander's spear-armed squads. The longer we stay there, the higher the proportion of Asiatics to Americans will grow — just as with Alexander.

The Romans effected some notable conquests in Asia by the use of the highly mobile infantry legion. In the days of the Republic, the legionary infantry and the supporting cavalry were all Italians — boys from home. By the time of Augustus Caesar, more than half the troops in Asia were native auxiliaries, commanded by Roman officers. The proportion of Asian auxiliaries to legionary troops increased rapidly during the later Empire.

More than 1,700 years after Augustus joined his ancestors, the British in India were fighting Asian wars by the same methods the Romans had been compelled to use. They discovered by stern experience that only comparatively small numbers of English troops could be maintained in fighting trim in India. "I consider nothing in this country," wrote Wellington during the Mahratta campaign of 1803, "so valuable as the life and health of the British

soldier." The Mahratta campaign and many another was won by the combination of British soldiers and Indian Sepoys; so that by the middle of the nineteenth century there were 384,000 native troops in the service of the Honorable East India Company, while in all India there were but 36,500 British troops. This disproportion of numbers was one cause of the great Sepoy Mutiny of 1857; even after the mutiny the proportion of native to British troops in the Indian army was fixed at 2 to 1 and this gradually shifted toward 3 to 1.

It was the same elsewhere — the French in Indo-China, the Dutch in Indonesia, the British in Malaya acquired and maintained their positions in Asia by means of armies which were largely European to begin with, but became largely Asian in composition over the long pull, and always for the same reason. Not enough European bodies could be brought to Asia and kept alive there. The United States faced the same problem in the Philippines and found the same solution: after ten years, the numbers of the Philippine Scouts and Constabulary equalled the number of U. S. troops; after 20 years they greatly exceeded the U. S. total.

SO THERE is no reason for present-day Americans to be surprised at finding that we can no more fight an Asian war without using Asian bodies than could Alexander, or

Augustus, or Wellington. In their times, as in ours, more people lived in Asia than in all the West. Western armies going to Asia, then and now, were likely to be outnumbered 10 to 1 or even 100 to 1. Then and now, the Western soldier in Asia proved expensive to feed, support and keep in health; while the Asian soldier, whether in Western service or not, could live and be happy on local food and under local living conditions. Then and now, the only really effective source of replacement and reinforcement for Western troupes in Asia was the enlistment of Asian soldiers, available on the spot, who did not require a special scale of maintenance. Then and now, also, the Asian soldier so enlisted proved readily adaptable to Western methods of warfare, and when properly instructed and commanded was a thoroughly efficient fighting man.

It is perhaps unfortunate for us that the Russians — themselves semi-Asian — realized this fact first. The lessons of history were there, for us to read, but we preferred to regard them as a closed book dealing with the bad old days of imperialism. Imperialism on the old model may be dead. The methods by which Western armies may and may not fight in Asia remain the same, in good causes or in bad. If in the end we have a Korean victory, it will be won by a combination of U. S. and other Western troops and a much larger force of South Korean troops. If the French in the end

have a victory in Indo-China, it will be a French-African-Viet Nam army which wins it. It will be a majority of Malay and Gurkha soldiers which will give Britain any victory she wins in Malaya.

And so on.

This is a rule which has had no exception in twenty centuries.

IT MAY well have been this historical background which General MacArthur had in mind when he said that anyone who sent the U. S. Army to fight on the continent of Asia should have his head examined, and which stirred General Eisenhower to his much misunderstood remark that in Korea, "Asiatics will have to fight Asiatics."

Today Asians do not fight in the cause of Western imperialism. Nor do Westerners. In the cause of freedom, of resistance to *Communist* imperialism, however, Westerners and Asians are in many places natural allies. That is so today in Korea, in Indo-China, in Malaya. It may be so tomorrow almost anywhere else around the vast fringe of the Asian continent. If the alliance is to be an effective one, and especially if the Western contribution to it is to be both effective and within Western capability to supply, we must keep in mind the eternal verities: that Western troops are useful in Asia only as the edge of the blade, of which the bulk and substance must be of Asian origin, now as throughout the centuries.

The Ladies Elected **III**

BY IVY BAKER PRIEST ★ TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES

ON November 4, 1952, some thirty million American women trooped to the polls in the greatest demonstration of political woman-power in history. The next day the result of that militant upsurge was clearly demonstrated. The women of America elected Dwight D. Eisenhower to the Presidency of the United States.

Not that I am trying to claim all the credit for the ladies. The men did their part, and they did it extremely well. Nevertheless, it was the tremendous interest of women voters — the vast majority of them angrily determined that this time there would be a change, and a real change, in Washington — that tilted the scales in favor of General Eisenhower. The ladies were the decisive factor in rolling up the Republican landslide.

This statement is borne out by the tremendous gain in Republican registration and votes in the large cities — cities which are traditionally Democratic strongholds and upon which the Democrats counted heavily. It was this gain in the cities and urban areas plus the Republican strength in the rural areas that dealt

the Democrats their crushing defeat.

Because of the secrecy of the ballot, and because very few states require registration by sex, detailed statistics are not available as to precisely how many women voted for Eisenhower and how many voted for Stevenson. However, there are ample figures, as well as the tabulation of spot checks, to supply the basis for drawing reasonably sound conclusions.

In New York, for instance, one of the few states in which voters register by sex, more women than men registered for the 1952 elections — the first time in the state's history that the men were outnumbered. It is interesting to note that this results principally from the heavy registration of women in the five boroughs of New York City, particularly Manhattan. In the state as a whole, registration by women led by more than 23,000; in Manhattan by more than 41,000. In the five boroughs the excess of women registrants over men was almost 48,000.

The results on election day fully support my conclusion. General Eisenhower swept the state by a ma-

jority of 848,214 votes. And the astonishing fact is that in New York City, where the Democrats had expected to roll up a majority of half a million votes, the Republicans picked up over 125,000 more than in 1948.

In the City of Boston, where registration by sex is also required, there were over 23,000 more women registrants than men. It is interesting to note, too, that while there were more than 7,000 more women registered in 1952 than in 1948, there were about 4,000 fewer men registered in 1952 than in 1948. Election results show that in this Democratic stronghold the GOP picked up more than 72,000 votes last November 4.

In 1948 Truman carried all the eleven largest cities in the country, but in 1952 the Republican Party showed definite and substantial increases in nine out of the eleven and carried two of them — Los Angeles and San Francisco.

The results of the tremendous outpouring of women's voting strength was even more manifest in the smaller urban areas and the rural districts — and this is particularly true of the South. Immediately after the election and while I was still Assistant Chairman of the Republican National Committee, the mail began to pour in. Here are a few excerpts from the reports that we received:

From Nemaha County, Kan., a woman Republican worker re-

ported: "We had a total of 6,757 votes in Nemaha County, of which 3,438 were cast by women. The rural precincts or townships had a few more men voters than women, but the towns had enough women to make up the difference."

A woman worker in Boonville, Mo., wrote: "It is an accepted fact here that women and farmers carried Missouri for Ike. . . . It is also interesting to note that three thousand farm wives who never before participated in political activity aided us directly in distributing literature giving Ike's true stand on agriculture. Women volunteer workers cut into the heavy odds against us in the metropolitan areas. We are battered but happy."

Long before the conventions in July, many of us who had been engaged in politics for some years were convinced that, if the anxiety and anger of the women of America could be encouraged and harnessed and translated into political activity, the Republican Party would win.

Traditionally the American woman is neither a politician nor politically minded. What, then, caused this tremendous feminine upsurge? As a woman, a mother and a housewife, I believe I know. And my belief has been strengthened and confirmed by the thousands of women with whom I have spoken in the hundreds of cities and towns I visited in the past six months.

Closest to the American woman's heart are the welfare and morality

of her family and the comfort and security of her home. And when these are threatened the American woman will fight like an aroused tigress.

The reason the American woman became so aroused during and even before the 1952 campaign can be summed up in these words: Korea, Communism, taxes, prices — mink coats.

The stories out of Washington linking mink coats with political influence were generally accepted by the men with a certain sardonic jocularly. We on the distaff side did not find it quite so amusing. There are millions of American women who have never owned a mink coat. To many of those millions, a mink coat means the height of luxury and a deeply feminine dream come true. Putting it very bluntly, and I confess there might be a touch of envy involved, when we ladies found out that four-thousand-dollar mink coats were being passed out to White House secretaries and the wives of minor administration officials in Washington in return for certain "favors," that's when we really started to get mad.

Then we became increasingly aware of deeper and far more serious problems.

The housewives of the nation may not have understood all of the economic fundamentals involved in the long-standing feud between the Treasury and the Federal Reserve

Board over the government's fiscal policy, and the inflationary practices to which it resorted to finance the national debt. They may not have fully appreciated some of the loftier theories that were so freely aired before Congressional committees in the debates over price and wage controls.

But they were — and are — fully understanding of the philosophy of the market basket. Day after day the facts were pounded home to them by the dwindling purchasing power of their household dollar, that somehow, somewhere, the administration had failed, and that they were paying a heavy price for the failure.

Not many American women are fully conversant with all of the details of Marxist dogma, nor the specific policies of the Communist intrigue. But they know enough about them to have been deeply shocked when the President of the United States dismissed repeated exposures of Communists in influential government positions, as "red herrings." And they were equally shocked at a Secretary of State publicly stating that he "cannot turn his back" on a former State Department official who was later convicted of what literally amounts to treason.

The women of our farms and cities may not have been completely versed in all of the intricate details of foreign policy. But, when their sons and husbands and brothers were

shipped half way around the world to fight — and die — in a war which is not a war, on the obscure peninsula of Korea, American foreign policy, and all its failures, entered their homes, and became a dominant factor in their daily lives.

The women of America were asking, "Why is there corruption in our government? Why have Communists been able to penetrate into government circles? Why are our taxes so high? And most of all — why doesn't somebody in authority do something about all this?"

And we at the headquarters of the Republican National Committee were listening to their questions and, as a matter of fact, as plain ordinary citizens we were asking those same questions ourselves.

The Women's Division of the Republican National Committee, which for two years had been formulating plans, swung into action. We worked closely with the Women's Division of the Citizens for Eisenhower Committee.

Months before the election, between us we had mustered into a fairly well knit organization of more than two million American women who were willing to devote their time to work for the Republican cause. Aside from an extremely small nucleus of staff, these women contributed their time. They were amateurs, but they worked like professionals and along professional lines.

Our problem was to make sure that the women who ardently

wanted a change of administration were properly registered and went to the polls on election day — and cast their ballots for General Eisenhower.

On the Eisenhower train, Mamie herself played an important role. She worked like a Trojan and campaigned like a trouper. Her effortless charm and courtesy never failed to evoke warm response from the ladies.

Mrs. Anne Wheaton, who travelled through the entire campaign handling Mrs. Eisenhower's press relations, tells of an incident which portrays another facet of Mrs. Eisenhower's personality. It was in Texas, en route from Los Angeles to New Orleans. The General had left the train on a side trip. Early one morning the train halted at a little water-stop. Much to everyone's surprise, a crowd had gathered, led by the school band with a pretty drum-majorette at its head. Mrs. Eisenhower stepped out on the back platform. Immediately a wild cheer went up. "But," Mrs. Eisenhower told the crowd, "don't you know that the General isn't here?" "We know it," came back the answer. "We came to see you." That was a revelation to her, for she had never believed that a crowd would gather to see her — "Mamie."

One of the key people on the Eisenhower train was Mrs. Charles P. Howard. As women's representative on the Advisory Committee for General Eisenhower, Katherine Howard was the only woman on the

top strategy board. She travelled, not as a personal friend or a paid employee, but as a woman politician in her own right. One of her pet stories of the entire trip is an amusing incident which happened in Birmingham, Alabama.

The General had finished speaking and, during a lull in the cheering which followed, she heard a man say to the woman who stood beside him: "Biggest crowd I ever saw in Birmingham." "Humph," snorted the woman, "biggest man that's ever been in Birmingham."

On the day before Representative and Mrs. Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania left their home to join the Eisenhower train, Mrs. Scott did exactly what every other American woman would do under the circumstances. She went out to buy a new hat. She tried on dozens in one of her favorite millinery stores. But the hat she wanted had apparently been selected by another woman sitting across the room. Mrs. Scott made her choice — but told the clerk that she would have preferred the one the other woman was buying. Upon her return home, Mrs. Scott received a telephone call. The caller identified herself as the other woman in the millinery shop. And she continued, "I didn't take the hat, Mrs. Scott. I left it for you. Please wear it and I hope it gets votes for Ike."

What greater sacrifice can a woman make, than to give up her hat for her cause? No sacrifice a man could make would compare with it.

Women in all walks of life gave unstintingly of their time and talents and energies. There were nationally known figures such as Kathleen Norris, Adela Rogers St. John, Margaret Culkins Banning, Clare Booth Luce, Hedda Hopper, Mrs. Hiram Houghton, Irene Dunn, Helen Hayes, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Fleur Cowles, Mrs. Ogden Reid, and many others who took time out of their busy lives to help.

And there was "Operation Coffee Cup" — equally busy women whose names we shall probably never know. These were the women — housewives, mothers of young children — who gathered to discuss the practical ways in which they might help.

There is no doubt about it — more women worked harder to get out the vote in this campaign than ever before in our history. It was fantastic. They addressed literature, they rang doorbells, they raised funds. And they interpolated a new note in campaigning — baby sitting. By twos, threes and fours, they took turns sitting with each other's children so that the others might work.

As our organizations gradually began to take shape, it was gratifying and somewhat amusing to observe the changing attitude of the hard-headed men who directed the activities of the Republican organizations in the states, counties and cities throughout the country. Our professional political brethren have always regarded "the girls" with what to us was a somewhat irritating

mixture of tolerance and condescension.

But, as the Eisenhower campaign got under way and our woman's programs started really rolling, the condescension gradually slipped away, and for the first time in our political careers we "girls" found ourselves accepted on equal terms by our masculine colleagues. And our ideas and suggestions were actually treated with respect.

On November 5, 1952, the whole world knew that women were definitely a major factor in the American political scene—they knew that the American woman could—and would—have her way, when aroused.

Those thirty million militant women were not fooling. When the time came they went to the polls and they voted.

For many a woman it meant rising before dawn so that she might vote

before it was time to begin her daily work; for others it meant foregoing lunch so that she might stand in line at the polls; to still others it meant working in a trip to her voting place between baby's feedings. But they did it, no matter what the sacrifice or the inconvenience.

As this is written, General Eisenhower has named two women to high posts in his government, Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby as director of Federal Security, and myself as Treasurer of the United States. I am sure Mrs. Hobby agrees that these honors were not intended as personal rewards, but simply as recognition of the part the American women played in the campaign.

I firmly reiterate my belief that the ladies elected Ike, and they will continue to exert their influence in helping to shape the political destiny of our nation.

That is as it should be.



» In a toast during a dinner in Versailles, the British Minister likened George III to the sun, and the French Minister, toasting Louis XVI, compared him with the moon. Benjamin Franklin then rose and proposed a toast to:

"George Washington, Commander of the American armies, who, like Joshua of old, commanded the sun and the moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

PHILANTHROPY FACES A CHANGE

By WINTHROP ROCKEFELLER

Chairman, New York University-Bellevue Medical Center

TAXATION in the United States has put the so-called patron in a class as extinct as the dinosaur." This flat statement was made a short time ago by the president of a large and important institution which depends principally on contributed funds for the support of its badly needed program.

That was pretty broad — a little too broad, maybe. But it served to focus the spotlight sharply on the inescapable fact that towering taxes have forced drastic changes in the whole pattern of philanthropic giving and that these changes have brought hardship and deep concern to many highly deserving institutions.

The wealthy patron may not be entirely extinct, but there is no doubt that he is becoming rare. The institutions he once supported can no longer look to him alone.

This rapid vanishing of the patron is of concern to all private community service groups and has created particular difficulties for the

independent and privately operated educational and health institutions — the colleges and universities and the hospitals. Few, if any, of them can operate in the black on their usual sources of income — the tuition of students in the schools and patient fees in the hospitals — and still maintain the standards expected of them.

Even fewer, and probably none at all, can find money from these sources to expand facilities and services to keep pace with increasing needs and demands. Most private colleges and universities have already boosted tuition fees about as high as they can go, and the costs of hospital care are now at a level that threatens danger to the national health.

THE ANSWER to the money problems of the private institutions in this changed picture is easier to see than it is to achieve. It is merely to broaden the base of giving, and that in turn means simply to secure

the support of a greater part of the community.

How to do this is the big challenge. For we must remember that, while the tax burdens may fall heaviest — percentage-wise, at least — on the shoulders of the wealthy, no one escapes them entirely. It seems clear that before the challenge is accepted two vital questions must be answered affirmatively if anything like a successful effort can reasonably be expected:

1. Is the institution that seeks support providing a needed community service?
2. Is it willing and able to carry out a continuing program of interpretation of its services to the community?

Affirmative answers must be preceded by sober reflection and intensive study, for they denote the willingness to accept a vast amount of work and responsibility. There is no miraculous power in the mere announcement of the need for funds. Few people give on the basis of such an announcement alone. Education, the development of general and specific appeals, the careful selection of appropriate audiences, and much personal effort are required.

WHILE its task is far from finished, the New York University-Bellevue Medical Center can serve, at least in some respects, as an example of how one independent, privately supported institution ap-

proached a formidable job of fund raising both for building funds and for operation of two medical schools, a hospital, and the related units which comprise it.

The new and broad vision which is the Medical Center took shape in the closing months of World War II when a group of public-minded citizens — doctors, educators and laymen — took time from their war-burdened tasks to discuss the future of medical education. Their deliberations indicated the need of a blueprint for health in a postwar world. Basic questions concerning the health of the people and its relation to the training of the nation's doctors were raised in these conferences and out of them came — in broad outline and specific detail — the plan for a great adventure in health: a modern medical center to serve its community and the nation through an integrated program of medical research, teaching, and the care of the sick.

Those early planners set their sights high but events have proved they were justified. The Medical Center, built around the New York University College of Medicine and its century-old association with New York City's famed Bellevue Hospital, is in full and vital operation and has been for five years. It has completed one of the five buildings contemplated in its \$28 million construction program, and the second is under construction and will be ready for use next fall. Its Post-

Graduate Medical School enjoys a deservedly high national and international reputation, and its University Hospital is one of the finest private hospitals in the metropolitan area.

Its Institutes of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation and of Industrial Medicine have, like its extensive medical research program, made significant and lasting advances towards its over-all goal of better health for more people.

Through its Regional Hospital Plan it provides a dozen nonteaching hospitals within a hundred miles of New York direct and constant association with its teaching and research staffs. This service is of particular importance to suburban and rural hospitals.

These are only brief highlights of the Medical Center's program and are presented merely to show that in the case of this one institution the men and women who planned its creation made sure before they started that what they envisaged would provide a needed service to the community.

In 1946, after the plans had been carefully worked out but before the Medical Center was established, the then Chancellor of New York University, Dr. Harry Woodburn Chase, said: "Changed conceptions in medical education and medical research and medical care are of concern not only to the medical profession and medical schools; they are of great concern to the general public."

He added: "An enlightened and cooperative attitude on the part of the community is as essential as knowledge on the part of the profession."

In planning to carry out a program of enlightenment and to earn the degree of community cooperation that was needed, Chancellor Chase and his co-workers were acutely aware that the Medical Center must exemplify the deep conviction of the medical profession — that life is valuable, that man can be improved, that the methods of the physician must be scientific but that his objective must be the concern for human welfare.

They were further aware that a medical center must be so established and administered that it will satisfy the demands of its day and in so doing command respect and support. Still further, they realized that a medical center must, in large measure and chiefly through its research program, create the demands which the layman — the general public of its community — would not otherwise know how to make.

THE awareness of these things lay behind the Medical Center's affirmative answer to the second of the two basic questions. It was willing, and it made itself able, to formulate and to carry out a continuing program of interpreting itself to the ever-widening community it serves.

This was not easy. And it would be less than truthful to say that after

five years the program is fully effective. However, it made a good start because it was based on the solid foundation of careful planning.

A medical center, while it encounters support problems that are peculiar to its nature, at the same time enjoys advantages in this same direction that are not enjoyed by many other worthy institutions. A principal advantage is that it is basically concerned with health and so is — admittedly or not — every living person. Our newspapers and magazines and the radio and TV programs reflect this intense and growing interest in health and all the problems relating to it. This interest makes it possible for a medical center — and for hospitals, medical schools and other institutions in the field — to place a direct and even personal emphasis on many of their appeals for support. This is a legitimate advantage which can and should be exploited.

The New York University-Bellevue Medical Center enjoys the further advantage of being a part of New York University, though it is largely autonomous under its own Board of Trustees and administrative staff. It is able through this both to share in and contribute to the university's great and forward-looking \$102 million ten-year development program announced recently by Chancellor Henry T. Heald. At the same time it must be noted that it also shares with the university the confusion among the

general public as to its means of support. Its name — New York University — carries with it to a great many people the implication of tax support from the state or from New York City. Very few people appreciate that nearly 90 per cent of the budget of the university is supplied by tuition fees. It is similarly a fact that the Medical Center must raise close to \$1 million yearly, over and above the \$8 million realized through tuitions, grants and fees for services, to meet its annual operating budget of some \$9 million.

DURING the years that it has sought public support, the Medical Center has established a reputation as an asset as well as a necessity to the community. Its scope of service has extended this reputation both nationally and internationally. But while the reputation is based exclusively on high performance in its various fields, the program of interpreting this performance to the general public and to interested segments of the public has been carried forward through all available means — by direct personal contact, by letter, by talks before civic and professional groups, and by use of all the customary channels of communication to the public.

As a result, the Medical Center has raised some \$17 million of its estimated total capital needs of around \$28 million — leaving \$11 million still to be raised — and there is no element in the community which

has not participated in the support program.

Gifts have been received from individuals, from corporations, from family and corporate foundations, from industry, and, in the form of grants, from government. Organized labor has been among the supporters from the beginning.

A recent analysis of the gifts received shows a broad base of more than 22,000 donors who have, over the years, made nearly 100,000 separate contributions. The gifts from individuals ranged from \$1 to more than \$1 million, and by far the greatest number has been in the "less than \$1,000" category.

This analysis shows definitely that the wealthy patron, though his tribe decreases, is not yet entirely out of the picture. It also shows the extreme importance of extending the base of giving to include the smaller contributors in the community. Nearly 10 per cent of the total raised for the Medical Center has been in gifts of less than \$1,000 and most of these are from individuals and small business.

THE ROLE of industry in philanthropy is being closely studied by the Medical Center and other

institutions. The renewed campaign of the National Fund for Medical Education, which is geared almost entirely to corporate giving and to the education of industry to this end, and the enlightening publications of the National Planning Association are evidence of this new role for industry. The pattern for corporate giving is gradually being developed within the framework of the 5 per cent provision of the Internal Revenue Act. This provision permits a corporation to deduct from net earnings, before taxes, for expenditures on educational, scientific, and welfare projects.

There is nothing startlingly new in the fund-raising program of the New York University-Bellevue Medical Center. Many other institutions could have been used effectively as examples. However, its experience does demonstrate that, despite overwhelming tax loads and political and economic uncertainty throughout the world, support can be found for institutions which have something to offer their communities in return for such support.

Planning is required, and diligence, constant awareness of trends and conditions and a full measure of hard work. There is no easy way.



» Whenever a man's friends begin to compliment him about looking young, he may be sure that they think he is growing old.

— *Washington Irving*

GOVERNMENT BY COCKTAIL

By IGOR CASSINI

A SOUTHERN WIT once remarked that there were two great evils in America — the boll-weevil and the cocktail evil. The boll-weevil is under control — but every year the nation goes in for more and more cocktails.

Now the cocktail is not an evil *per se*. To millions of good citizens it is an opportunity for a little harmless relaxation and a symbol of drawing room camaraderie.

But the cocktail can be an evil. There is the cocktail drunkard — and rare is the party nowadays that doesn't have this species — both male and female. Then there is the individual whom the cocktail causes to talk too much — to give away secret information with disastrous consequences for himself . . . and sometimes for his country.

You may recall that the secret of D-Day in the late war was given away by an American officer in London who had downed one too many cocktails — and General Eisenhower was forced to pick a new date for the landing in Normandy.

Then I always remember a classic case from gangdom. In 1935 Dutch Schultz was shot to death in the toilet of a Newark saloon. For five

years the murder of the beer baron and numbers king was thought to be the reprisal of a vengeful gang. Then one night at a social shindig of the leaders of gangdom in New York the assassin — “Charlie the Bug” Workman — gulped down too many martinis — and let the real story out. Schultz had been bumped off because he was planning to kill Thomas E. Dewey who in 1935 was prosecuting gangland.

In recent years the cocktail has developed another use — a use that has become a highly organized business. It has become a powerful weapon in the hands of the shrewd and scheming who plot grand objectives in finance and government. And nowhere does the cocktail more notably play the role of an indispensable tool in the kitbag of political promoters than in the nation's capital on the banks of the sluggish Potomac.

Across the social pages of Washington newspapers moves an incessant parade of government officials who attend an endless round of cocktail parties. Now these cocktail soirees are not just gatherings of likable people to enjoy a little good fellowship. They are the stage for manipu-

lators who are out to make friends and influence government decisions.

As a seasoned Washington social reporter (which was my beat for 6 years before moving to New York) I was appalled at the amount of liquor consumed in the nation's capital. More cocktail parties are given daily there than in any other city of the U. S. And I am certain that I know why Washington has become our great cocktail center.

AT THE century's turn Washington was an overgrown village. Its major industries were oysters and politics. The oysters were very good — and the politics for the most part were decided in New York — the financial capital of the nation. In Washington of that day there was little tension — and little uproar. It had a small but compact aristocracy whose substantial homes or mansions stretched from Lafayette Park up Sixteenth Street to Scott's Circle — East to Fourteenth Street on Massachusetts Avenue and West on the same avenue to Sheridan Circle. There were in Georgetown the cave dwellers — persons with ancestors but without the financial means to keep up Palatine mansions. Society demanded both ancestors and wealth — and it had definite standards.

The new social order in Washington began under the New Deal. The old order had been deteriorating — but it was the New Deal that wiped it off the map. On the one

hand the Federal government grew in leaps and bounds — and there ensued a centralization of political power in this Federal monster that is today threatening the nation with a nasty form of Socialism. Bureaucracy now reached out over the land and touched the business and cultural life of the country at countless points.

Side by side with this growth of a swollen bureaucracy in Washington, many organizations sprang up to protect and promote practically every phase of our life as a people. And it was to Washington that these organizations turned for help and assistance. The nation's capital became a political Mecca to which all breeds of promoter and favor seeker made frequent pilgrimages. Many — in fact — opened up permanent operational bases in Washington — an office or a hotel suite the year round — or both. And as these new entrepreneurs looked upon Washington as their oyster — they also regarded the cocktail as an Archimedian lever for moving obstacles.

Today, society in Washington is an intensely organized business which cares little for the old graces and amenities; but it sets its sights on cultivating an all-powerful officialdom which has fortunes to bestow on the successful cultivators. And the best way to cultivate this all-powerful officialdom is through cocktail parties where promoter and official can get to know one another. Many an important functionary of

government has little dreamed that his invitation to a cocktail soiree was carefully planned in advance by persons who wanted to know him for reasons other than a deep appreciation of his charm or mind.

He was in reality a clay duck in a shooting gallery, a setup for some of those who wanted something from him. Of course at the initial cocktail party such designs were never apparent. But those who have drawn a bead on a public official follow up the advantages of an introduction mellowed by the clink of cocktail glasses. Soon the schemers and their unsuspecting victim are on the most amiable terms — a relationship that permits them to see him in his office and to be greeted with a hearty hand shake or slap on the back. From here on the maneuvering is much easier.

Washington society has now become a downright racket — without any semblance of the old-fashioned standards that once determined who should be in society and who should not. Do you have a daughter in Washington you wish to bring out as a debutante? In the old days the ruling families handled this business themselves — selected carefully the persons who should be invited to their daughters' debut.

Today it is all on a commercial basis. A Washington mother now consults a "social secretary" who arranges all the details for her daughter's coming-out. If the mother doesn't happen to be well identified in Washington — that is easily over-

come. This secretary will arrange to have her daughter invited to the parties of other young ladies making their debuts — and she has access to lists of males. The lists may include shoe clerks from Washington stores — but nonetheless they are able-bodied males.

ARE YOU a widow — and a new-comer to Washington? There are ladies in the nation's capital who will for a flat fee take care of your social life. They will dig you up the invitations to certain parties where you will share in the events always covered by the social scribes — and miraculously your name will be reported. When you do the entertaining, they will bring to your home a hackneyed list of social whirlers that will stamp you as up and coming in the society of Washington.

I have long been amused at this organized promotion of social leaders in Washington. Last year I attended a reception at one of our leading Embassies. To my surprise I saw the Ambassador taking the arm of an emaciated, queer-looking fellow and showing him off to his guests as a person of great social importance in the nation's capital. Now I happened to know the fellow. For years he ran a woman's dress shop in Washington. Then one day a patron asked him to help her on a problem of interior decorating in her home. What he recommended so enthralled his customer that she pronounced him a genius in decorating. There-

after he closed his dress shop and set himself up as an interior decorator. Several times his application to become a member of the National Institute of Interior Decorators has been rejected because he did not have the required background.

But he had managed to ally himself with other young men bent on crashing Washington society. Their plan was ingenious. They would have a series of dances—and the proceeds of such dances would go to an outstanding national charity. Through this palpable trick important officialdom in Washington was enlisted. The dances were a big success and our hero emerged as so important that the Ambassador of a foreign government thought him sufficiently impressive from a social standpoint to drag him around to his guests at an Embassy reception—and introduce him as a star in the social firmament of Washington social and governmental life.

ALL THIS is trivia compared to the powerful pressure of organized groups on Washington society and Washington officialdom. Go to the office of the Secretary of the United States Senate—and there you will find the statements of all operating lobbyists in the nation's capital. The list will amaze you. There is practically no phase of our national life that is not covered. It is these representatives who are the real social whipcrackers of Washington society. They are the boys with

the real dough. It is the lobbyist who throws the big parties—though those attending may not know that fact. The lobbyist always knows a lady in Washington who knows who counts—and if he pays the bills she will bring to his parties the cream of Washington's officialdom.

At such parties, by repeated contact with that officialdom, the lobbyist lines up his support for his projects—and the cocktail pays handsome dividends.

As a matter of fact it is not erroneous to say that many of the great decisions taken by our government are decided . . . at cocktail parties. A Cabinet officer, a Senator and the representative of a foreign power may have started, in what seemed to be an innocuous chat over a Scotch sour, a chain of events which will have enormous international repercussions.

Realizing this, all foreign missions in Washington spend extravagantly and try to outdo one another in giving cocktail parties. Strangely enough, the most elaborate functions of this sort take place at the Embassy of the U.S.S.R. There the burly Russians serve you not martinis or Scotch but potent vodka, which is supposed to help you to gulp down the expensive caviar.

Well, these parties show results. The Soviets manage to keep friends this way and to influence many a high official. The Soviets have realized they have a powerful weapon in the cocktail party.

The cocktail party is also a fertile ground for foreign agents and spies. Where can they ever hope to find better information than at these gatherings, where a strong drink will soon loosen the tongue of a government official, or, even better, that of the wife of one of those officials.

Realizing this danger and that spies may be lurking around, FBI, Army and Navy Intelligence and Counter-Intelligence instruct some of their brightest young men to hang around these parties and at fashionable cocktail lounges.

Newspapermen feel the same way, and you always see a few of the nation's top reporters and columnists at these gatherings. It is not surprising then if you continuously read in their columns the most detailed accounts of what happened at some secret Cabinet meeting, or what this Senator confided to the President,

or what this Ambassador cabled to his government. When I was a columnist in Washington for six years I got some of my biggest stories in this fashion at cocktail parties, where tongues are loose and suspicions relaxed.

Thus, the cocktail party, started perhaps as an innocent form of entertainment, becomes suddenly a no-man's land where lobbyists, newsmen, secret agents, key officers of all sorts in governments, and spies try to trap each other and play what is often a deadly game.

I hope when General Eisenhower moves to Washington he may make a sincere effort to rescue the society of the nation's capital from the marauders who have defaced it by the use of the cocktail.

Perhaps he will see to it that we revert to government by the people . . . and not by cocktail.



» For the fifth year in succession I have pored over the catalogue of dogs in the show at Madison Square Garden without finding a dog named Rover, Towser, Sport, Spot or Fido.

Who is the man who can call from his back door at night: "Here, Champion Alexander of Clane o' Wind-Holme! Here, Champion Alexander of Clane o' Wind-Holme"?

— *Westbrook Pegler*

SCIENCE

BY GOBIND BEHARI LAL

and SEX CONVERSION

THE emergence of Sex-Changed Cinderella Christine is making millions of imaginations run riot. Here is the case of a virtually unknown "man," a former U. S. soldier, George Jorgensen, who has been reported to have been converted into a "woman" — thus becoming world-known overnight. A peculiar, saucy twist in the story is that a supposed man has preferred to become a woman in an age which still is dominated by the human male. Only a little less sensational, perhaps, was the equally publicized transformation of the Scottish woman physician, Dr. Elizabeth Forbes-Sempill, after living a conventional feminine existence for 40 years, into a "man."

Endowed only with vague knowledge of scientific truths concerning the human constitution and function of sex differentiations, countless people are asking such questions as these: "Is sex conversion a new miracle of modern medicine? How secure is anybody's sex? What is it to be a man or to be a woman? How much sex change is possible in a human being? Can a man and a wife walk into a hospital and come out roles reversed, Joe turned into Jane, Jane into Joe?"

While Christine, formerly George, remains the center of public attention, doctors in this country are letting it be known that change of sex has been going on for quite some time. A newspaper in Birmingham, Ala., published a week before Christmas a local physician's disclosure that he had changed three "sisters" into "brothers." Charlotte and Mary became Charles and Mark; the third one told this: "We never noticed anything strange about us until we got to be twelve years of age; we grew up as girls on a farm." Charlotte was 22 years of age when her sex change was accomplished.

Many years have passed since the late Dr. H. H. Young, famous urologist of Johns Hopkins University, treated a number of "men" and "women" so that their sexes were changed. One of his patients was known as a girl for 20 years. Then she began to doubt her sex; and started wearing male attire. She consulted Dr. Young, who decided to carry out surgical treatments in order to give her a masculine build-up. During the prolonged hospital treatments the patient fell in love with a nurse, and, after being made a "man," married this nurse. It

turned out to be a pretty satisfactory marriage.

IN New York City, for several years, Dr. Oswald S. Lowsley and his colleagues aided in sex pattern alterations. One patient was pronounced by the delivery doctor to be a girl baby; she grew up as a female child until the age of five years. Then her mother observed some apparent physical characteristics of a male. She consulted some pediatricians who insisted that the child was a "girl" anyway. Nevertheless, the case was brought up to Dr. Lowsley's office. The child's mother said, "Our girl does not play with dolls any more. She plays baseball, climbs trees and likes boys' games."

After careful examination the doctor told the parents that the child was going to be more of a male as time passed. He advised the family to move to another town, and change the girl's name to Robert (from Mary) and dress "her" as a boy. So Robert, still "feminine" in physical appearance to the casual eye, attended a boys' school and acted like any other boy until the age of 17 years. Then the surgeon carried out treatments that definitely established his male sexhood.

How much of a sex conversion was involved in these and plenty of other more or less similar cases? The answer is important: all these were cases of sex confusion; of pseudohermaphroditism. That is the condition in which a wrong diagnosis of

the sex is made; actually a boy, the individual is mistaken for and brought up as a girl, or the other way around. That delivery doctors and child specialists, not to mention parents, make such mistakes is incredible but true. According to Dr. Young's estimate such confusion occurs once in 1,000 persons. What happens is that the individual's proper sex is "disguised" by nature.

SIMPLEST to understand is the typical boy mistaken for a girl, because the gonad, the object evidence of maleness, is hidden in the abdominal cavity — having failed to descend and come out openly. The gonads of both boys and girls, in the early stages of pre-birth development, are in the abdominal cavity anyway. Normally the male's equipment "descends," that is, emerges; but if something interferes with the process a boy with a disguised or misplaced male gonad is taken for a girl.

Very recently, Dr. Elmer Hess, noted urologist of St. Vincent's Hospital at Erie, Penn., handled a case that seems to be very much like "Christine" Jorgensen's. The patient was 18 to 20 years of age, looking like a normal male. "He" shaved every day. Hair grew thickly over hands and most other parts of the body in typical masculine exuberance. Masculine chest and hip and other features were apparent. There had been no sign of feminine puberty development. Objectively the gonad was a boy's.

Yet the person was a "girl." What had happened was that there was a tumor growing in the adrenal gland, a lima-bean shaped gland that produces some of the most essential and potent hormones, including the famous Cortisone, the arthritis-relieving substance. As the result of this tumor, which was not a cancer, there occurred an excessive production of some androgen, some male hormone substance. That was why the girl developed anatomical and other manifestations of the male. As soon as the tumor was taken out the suppressed, disguised female sex came up. No more hair grew on the face. Shaving was given up. The chest developed breasts. Normal female teen-age reactions appeared. Now the patient is leading a normal girl's life. If Dr. Hess had wished that sort of publicity he could have trotted out his patient as a "Christine" miracle.

FAR more troublesome and rare are cases of hermaphrodites — persons really equipped with male and female human sex systems. So far no case of a fully functioning two-sex person has come to light. That is, nobody has been found who can discharge fully the functions of a man and of a woman, including fatherhood and motherhood, at the same time.

But in twenty cases Dr. Young found three varieties of two-sex systems in retarded development. Some had the male gonad (testis) on one

side — the female organ (ovary) on the other side; some had one of each type on either side; some had a mixed male and female gonad combined.

In these cases surgeons like Dr. Young sometimes have succeeded in eliminating one sex system and letting the other one develop, with fairly satisfactory results. There was a two-sex or inter-sex patient of eighteen years, with a strong masculine behavior trend. Hidden in the body, however, was found a completely developed and fully working female gonad (ovary), so that egg cells were being formed. Also present were a womb and other female structures. Since the patient's mind was more masculine than feminine, Dr. Young removed all the female systems and built "him" up as a man.

On the other hand, Dr. Hess had a two-sex patient, with both male and female systems within the body, who was made a female, a fully established "girl." The male aspects were removed; some necessary plastic surgical procedures were carried out.

Fortunately for most people, sex confusions so obvious that boys and girls cannot be distinguished or are mistaken for the opposite sex are not every-day troubles, and when some story of sex change is publicized the popular reaction is, "These are just odd, queer individuals."

But scientists understand the outstanding key of human sex make-up and behavior to be this: Nobody is entirely male or entirely female in all chemical and constitutional and

psychological aspects. In fact, to be human means to be Man-with-a-touch-of-Woman, to be Woman-with-a-touch-of-Man.

TO BE TRUTHFUL, one can say that there is a balance between maleness and femaleness in each of us. If the scale is tipped more in the masculine direction, there is a man; if the tipping is more in the feminine direction, there is a woman. And in small and varied ways the scales keep rising and falling all the time. Leaving aside the mental, emotional and personality problems, mere biological evidences to show nature's blending come up from time to time in striking fashions.

How small is the pivot upon which turns the destiny of the unborn baby as to whether it will be a boy or a girl, can be recognized in the hereditary factor. It is the moment of conception that determines the true sex key of the future individual.

The scientific explanation of human or any other mammalian birth is well known. There is the ovum, the maternal egg cell, produced in the body of the woman. There is its future, lucky partner — the sperm cell of the potential father. When the sperm invades a particular ovum or egg cell, a fertilized cell — a sygote — is formed; it is one-200th of an inch in size, barely visible to the naked eye as a tiny dot. This is when the future individual's sex destiny is really fixed. As far as the ovum,

the maternal sex cell, is concerned, it is equipped with a chemical package called X chromosome, "color body"; but the male sperm brings into it either another X chromosome or a Y chromosome. When X meets X there is a girl. When X meets Y there is a boy.

Now each of the parental cells, the egg and the sperm, carries 23 other kinds of chromosome to the other. And many of these influence the way in which the dictates of the X and Y chromosomes, regarding sex, are to be carried out. In other words, in the mother's body the fetus may be shifted towards more or less maleness or femaleness, whatever the basic heredity chromosome blueprints. No wonder accidents sometimes happen — girls grow with boyish characteristics, boys with girlish characteristics.

In normal people both male and female hormones occur anyway; but in man the male type of hormone dominates, and in woman the female hormones hold supremacy. And so it goes. Perhaps what is surprising is not the accident of sex mix-up, of insufficient dominance of the male or the female characteristics, but the astounding stability of the sex systems in the majority of human beings. Lower animals display all sorts of easy sex conversions.

BIRDS seem to undergo change from one sex to the opposite spontaneously as well as in laboratory experiments in which hormones are

administered. Some years ago in England a fowl that had been laying eggs and hatching chicks for three and a half years developed a malady of her ovarian or some other gland. The result was that she started to look and act like a rooster. Eventually "she" became a cock bird, and fathered many chickens.

Similarly, in 1947 a scientific report was published about a New Hampshire hen that had been a mother of a brood of chickens, but then changed into a male bird, and actually sired other chickens. Oysters of certain varieties have an inherent (hereditary) mechanism by which they pass through sex reversals periodically. Partly, perhaps, these changes from male to female, from female to male, phases are stimulated by environmental conditions such as changes in the temperature and the saltiness of water and so forth. But such versatility or fickleness of sex is not known in man.

If one considers, as one should, the basic distinction between a man and a woman to be the capacity to bear a child, then sex conversion in this sense is not possible. In plain words, George Jorgensen, for example, was never a complete "man," and, if he had been, he could not have been converted into a real woman, capable of having babies.

So-called sex conversion is either the correction of an anomaly or of a confusion, or the removal of a disguise, and rarely the removal of one of the sex equipments, leaving the

opposite one to grow and function. "Christine" was always "Christine," with the appearance of a "George," until recent treatments brought to light what nature had fixed at conception.

From the viewpoint of the growing youngster whose sex is uncertain or retarded or disguised, the greatest danger is mental, emotional. Even if the child is growing normally but deludes himself into thinking that his sex is underdeveloped for his age, he may suffer enormously in his entire personality development.

CHILDREN, especially from the tenth year on, are very sensitive about themselves. In a boy's mind there is what psychologists call a "body image," a portrait of himself, built from what he sees of his own body and the reactions towards his physical and behavior patterns of parents, teachers, compeers. This "body image" plays a tremendously important part in his entire personality development.

All that has been said about boys is valid about girls, even more forcefully. For feelings of insufficiency can poison a girl to the very heart.

The case for earliest possible determination of the true sex, the vigilance as to proper sex maturation and for any necessary correction as soon as possible is clearly made.

But there also is a greater need than ever before of the realization of the complexity of sex patterns which are all to be regarded as nor-

mal. Just because a man has some supposedly feminine mannerisms, he is not to be ridiculed. Merely because a woman tries to surpass a man in Olympic games or in business or some conventionally regarded "male" activity, she should not be derided.

In fact, psychologists like Prof. Lewis M. Terman of Stanford University have been developing what they call an M-F — masculine and feminine — rating scale for every-

body. That is a method being sought to measure the relative degree of manliness and womanliness in all people, men and women. Such an effort, if successful, may greatly help in the guidance of children, teen-agers and adults in all their life relationships — in marriages, in choice of professions, in seeking love, truth, beauty in all the riches promised by the dual components of human nature: male and female.



» There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration — and regret. The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them on people to see how they will go. But it gets through more business in Spring than in any other season. In the Spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of twenty-four hours.

— *Mark Twain*

A CHALLENGE TO PRESIDENT EISENHOWER

By Patrick McMahon

THE United States government has poured more than \$40 billion into Western Europe alone, in various forms of economic and military aid, since the end of World War II. An additional \$11 billion has been appropriated and committed, but not yet spent.

We have shipped each year, under numerous "loan" and gift programs, more goods than the United States exported to the entire world during the average prewar year.

We have advanced additional billions in cash, in credits and in counterpart funds to help the Western European governments balance their domestic budgets and strengthen the position of their wobbly currencies on the international market.

We have turned over to European manufacturers hundreds of patent licenses and secret industrial processes which the Department of Defense purchased from their American owners, sometimes under outright duress. We are bringing over by the thousands industrialists, workers, en-

gineers and technicians from Western Germany and the NATO countries, showing them our most modern factories, teaching them our most advanced production, distribution and managerial techniques. We are setting up training schools throughout Western Europe, sending technical experts to hundreds of their factories, to help them adapt to more efficient production methods.

All this, of course, at the cost of the American taxpayer. We have spent in the seven years since the end of World War II, more dollars for Western European aid alone, than the late President Roosevelt managed to spend in the first seven years of the New Deal for the entire cost of federal government, including unemployment relief. Of course, the inflation that has occurred makes this an invidious comparison, indeed. But it is none the less striking.

This we have done for the purpose of bolstering up the sagging economies of the Western European

countries, and providing at least a nucleus of military strength.

Now, after seven years and \$40 billion, even the most friendly appraisal must concede that we have fallen far short of these objectives, on both the economic and military fronts.

The best that can be said for our economic aid is that it has kept the patient alive, perhaps even improved his health somewhat. But the disease has not been cured, nor even substantially arrested. And at the slightest hint of being cut off from further dollar medication, the patient shows violent signs of an immediate relapse.

The military results are merely a reflection of the economic failures. The dismal fact is that the Western European countries do not have the economic strength even to fulfill the modest commitments they made at the NATO meeting in Lisbon last year. It costs France seven times as much to equip an infantry division today as it did shortly before the outbreak of World War II. It costs nine times as much to put an armored division in the field. The increase in costs of air forces is even more astronomical. And Western Europe's increase in production has just not kept pace with the rising costs of modern military expenditures.

As a result, three years of planning and bickering in NATO have produced a paper army of 100 divisions (for 1954), a plan which was drafted

at Lisbon a year ago and torn into scraps at Paris in December; a flood of articles, releases and news stories on European unification which have ranged from deliriously hopeful to dolorously pessimistic; and an international command setup which has created a brand-new series of high-brass echelons—and has deeply wounded the national pride of nearly all participants in the making.

It is extremely doubtful that the Kremlin has been deeply impressed by any of these achievements.

It is equally doubtful that the achievements of our foreign-aid programs will be any more impressive in the future, if they are administered in the same way they have been in the past.

And President Eisenhower is committed in public speeches before and during the campaign to a continuation of both economic and military assistance to Western Europe.

These pledges, coupled with the failures of the past, constitute to the President and his new administration one of the greatest and most complex challenges they face.

The challenge is to develop a foreign-aid policy which will bring definite and lasting returns to the recipient countries, and particularly to the American taxpayer, who is stuck with the bill.

The problem is to induce the recipient European governments to undertake, at once, those politically painful, but economically necessary, reforms that they have been talking

about for more than five years. Reforms they promised to undertake, in formal treaties with the United States.

Reforms which, in the studied opinions of American officials, industrialists, economists and engineers who are familiar with the situation, would put the Western European economy on a sound and self-supporting basis within a period of 12 to 18 months.

THERE is no fundamental disagreement between the top European officials (except the British) and our own governmental and business experts as to what *should* be done to put the Western European economy on a relatively sound basis. The sole disagreement — if it can be called such — has revolved around the questions as to how much *can* be done without political reverses to the incumbent governments, and as to how rapidly they should move.

The European experts themselves spelled out most of the needed reforms when they met at Paris in 1948, to study the original proposals advanced by the United States government, which finally resulted in the Marshall Plan. They recognized then, as they privately admit today, that Western Europe's difficulty does not result from its balance of payments problem — as the public on both sides of the Atlantic has been led to believe. That is the effect, not the cause. The

basic problem is simply obsolescent production.

Britain, France, Germany and their neighbors simply do not produce enough goods and services to support their people in the manner to which they would like to become accustomed. They do not sell enough manufactured products and various services in the world's markets to pay for the foodstuffs and raw materials they must import to maintain decent living standards — let alone to support a modern defense establishment.

And, since the American taxpayer has been willing to underwrite the difference between what they want and what they can pay for, Britain, France, Germany, Italy, *et al.*, incur a chronic deficit in their balance of payments.

The tragic paradox of the situation — the paradox that Eisenhower and his administration must somehow resolve — is that Western Europe *could* produce sufficient goods and services to raise living standards at home, to support defense forces far beyond those contemplated, and at the same time have sufficient supplies for export to pay dollar for dollar, pound for pound, and franc for franc, for all the foodstuffs and raw materials they need to import from abroad.

That is not an idle statement. The top officials who headed the ECA program, Hoffman, Harriman, Foster, Katz, Woods, all believe it is true, and have said so privately

and publicly. The key European leaders, Schuman and Monet of France, Adenauer of Germany, Stricker of the Netherlands and De Gasperi of Italy, are firmly convinced it is true. More than a score of the top men of American industry, who made on-the-spot studies of the Western European economy, have estimated that production could be raised from 20 per cent to 40 per cent within 12 to 18 months, provided the proper climate for competitive enterprise were created, and a mass market developed which would give the European producer the incentive to compete.

And there is the nut of President Eisenhower's problem. The development of a mass European market and a climate in which competitive enterprise can flourish. To achieve those a complete revolution of Western European economic thinking is necessary. Few Americans realize that the gap between our own competitive enterprise system and Western European capitalism is far broader than that which exists between the economics of the European capitalist and the Socialist.

THE European capitalist, as a general rule, seeks to regulate prices, production and marketing areas through national and international cartels. "Live and let live" is the keynote. Prices within industries are fixed on the basis of the cost of production of the least efficient member. Marketing areas

are allocated on the basis of the historical position of participating firms. Production quotas are set on the basis of anticipated market demands. Government intervention is sometimes sought to enforce the terms of the cartel agreements. The producer who develops new techniques to lower production costs, and tries to pass the savings on to the consumer and hence broaden his market, is regarded as the maverick, against whom the full economic power of the cartel — and sometimes the authority of the government — must be directed, to force him back into line.

The Western European Socialist seeks to achieve the same thing in a more direct and arbitrary manner. He wants the government to take over the whole works, and fix prices, production quotas, wages and market areas by official fiat. The principle difference is that he would have the politicians run — and own — the show.

But whatever the method, the results are relatively the same: small, rigidly protected markets; limited production; cheap wages; high costs; and, according to American standards, abortively high profits per unit. The inevitable result must be low living standards, and chronically sick economies.

The reason why Western Europe produces so little is simply that the costs are so high because of these archaic economic practices. Because of the broad gap between wages and

prices, the producer's domestic market is sharply limited. In Italy a few years ago, this writer saw a small table-model radio priced at the equivalent of about \$45 — more than a month's wages for the Italian worker in the factory that produced it. The average production-line worker in a United States radio factory can buy the same model for less than two day's wages. An American textile worker can buy a popularly priced shirt for what he earns in a little over an hour. His British equivalent must hand over nearly a half day's pay for a shirt of slightly inferior quality.

As a result of these uneconomic practices, the European producers are gradually pricing themselves out of the world markets. In markets in which they once enjoyed a virtual monopoly for machinery, tools and many lines of consumer goods, they are no longer able to match their American competitors in price and quality. They are becoming increasingly dependent on the cheapness of their labor (the European worker earns only 20 per cent to a maximum of about 50 per cent of his American equivalent) to maintain their present market positions abroad. But the advantage that low wages gives them abroad is more than offset by the constricting effect it has on their domestic markets.

DURING recent months the bellwethers of the outgoing Truman administration launched an

intensive propaganda campaign to convince the American public that our tariffs were primarily responsible for the dollar shortage of Western Europe. That is sheer nonsense, and most of the former administration officials fully realize it. Aside from a relatively few products in which the labor cost is the dominant pricing factor, the United States tariff has little effect on the flow of imports. Even if the tariffs on European products were wiped out completely, it is doubtful that this would have any long-range beneficial result on the economies of those countries. It would simply make them more dependent than ever on maintaining cheap wages — hence restricted markets at home. For, aside from a few specialty items, it is only cheap wages that enable the foreign manufacturer to enter this market at all. And those items of superior quality which the European can supply at reasonable prices have always found a lively market here, tariff or no tariff.

In fairness to the European producer, his leaning toward cartels and restricted production is not entirely of his own choosing. The division of Western Europe into sixteen tightly compartmentalized, strongly nationalistic economies has forced him to think in terms of small, rigidly controlled markets.

Regardless of the price and quality of his product, the Italian textile manufacturer knows he can sell in Britain and France only to the point

where he does not interfere with the business of his British and French competitors. British automobile companies can slip a few cars a year into France and Italy, as long as Renault and Fiat are not affected. But as soon as a foreign producer commences to make inroads on the domestic markets of their local competitors the government clamps down with restrictions far more effective than anything ever contemplated by the most ardent advocate of American protective tariffs. By applying exchange controls and import licensing restrictions, they can shut out foreign competition completely — a device that nearly all European governments use freely to keep out of their market American goods that compete with domestic products.

WHEN the Marshall Plan was first proposed, five years ago, the leading economic officials of Western Europe recognized that no permanent solution to their problem could be found until mass production and mass distribution techniques could be adopted by their own producers and the resulting benefits passed on to their consumers. They recognized that the development of a mass European market was a necessary prelude to mass production. They agreed that a proper climate must be created to induce producers to assume the risks of investing large amounts of capital in modern plant and ma-

chinery, and of radically revamping their traditional merchandising practices.

And, before the first Marshall Plan dollar was spent, each of the recipient nations solemnly pledged in bilateral covenants with the United States, to take individual and collective action:

To reduce and eliminate governmental barriers to intra-European trade, thus creating a mass European market of more than 200 million consumers.

To prohibit cartels and similar restrictive agreements, whether private or governmental.

To adopt sound fiscal policies, and thus encourage new investment, stabilize their currencies and build confidence among their own people as well as among foreign nations.

These and many other specific pledges were made by the European governments, in return for anticipated Marshall Plan dollars, in a time of desperation, when the economies of nearly all those countries were teetering on the verge of collapse.

The pledges were made with full realization of the risks involved. It was recognized that the elimination of private and governmental restrictions, the giving of free play to the forces of competition, would create many temporary maladjustments. Thousands of inefficient producers would be forced to the wall. Hundreds of thousands of workers would be temporarily thrown out of

jobs. National interests would have to be subjugated, and some of the weaker nations would be adversely affected — for a time.

But it was also recognized that, after a reasonably short adjustment period, the eventual result would be a rapidly accelerating production; substantial reductions in prices all along the line; commensurate increases in consumer purchasing power; and, within an estimated four years, a self-supporting Western European economy.

For a time it seemed as though the majority of the recipient countries were willing to take the risks. The Organization for European Economic Cooperation was set up to draft the programs for implementing the pledges, and to ease the shock of the adjustment period by coordinating the economic expansion programs of the member countries.

Had an honest and courageous effort been made by the European governments to carry out their pledges, it is probable that the Marshall Plan would have ended on schedule six months ago, instead of being extended indefinitely under another name (the "Defense Support" phase of the Mutual Security program).

Even more important, it is probable that the European governments would have been able to assume defense burdens far beyond those ever contemplated in the NATO, and to maintain reasonably high

living standards at the same time. It would not be a question — as their statesmen reiterate so eloquently — of guns or bread. They could have both guns and bread, and some meat and butter in the bargain.

It is even probable that by now some benefits would be passed on to the American taxpayer, who is becoming just a bit weary at carrying a perennial Western European burden along with our own enormous defense costs.

But no honest and courageous effort was ever made. Nor was it ever firmly insisted upon by the officials in charge of parcelling out the Marshall Plan billions.

For a time there was much brave talk, in the OEEC, about the economic unification of Western Europe. Now, five years and some \$20 billion later, they are still talking — though not so bravely. The only specific action was the development of the Schuman Plan, still not under way, and which looks more like a government-controlled cartel than an effort to create a genuinely competitive market for coal, iron and steel products.

THE first monkey wrench was tossed into the European unification machinery by the Soviet Union, which immediately launched a propaganda barrage to the effect that our sole motive in instigating the Marshall Plan was to find an outlet for surplus United States

agricultural and industrial production.

This curious notion struck an immediate responsive chord in Socialist Britain, then spread to the more conservative governments on the continent. Quite humanly enough, the Europeans disliked the thought of being dependent upon American largess, however well it might be intended. And soon a surprising number of European officials and businessmen convinced themselves that the American citizen somehow benefited economically as a result of the billions of dollars we were pouring into their countries. We were getting rid of our surpluses, they reasoned, thus avoiding the disastrous consequences of unemployment and depression. They were simply accepting from us the surplus goods which we did not need.

Moreover, they believed, our industrial and agricultural production was so tremendous that we would undoubtedly have to continue to give them our surpluses indefinitely, in order to avoid disastrous economic consequences at home.

Even more fantastic was the fact that a substantial number of lesser American officials in Europe became converted to the idea. Somehow, we were going to enrich our citizens by giving away the fruits of our labor, at the expense of the American taxpayer. Such views were freely aired by youthful zealots on the

second and third level in the ECA missions and the United States embassies in Europe and in informal discussions with their European colleagues.

The results of these unofficial chats by their juniors hardly strengthened the bargaining position of Hoffman and Harriman in their top-level negotiations with the Western European governments.

But even more disastrous to the success of our foreign-aid policy was the weakness of our official attitude.

The State Department took the position that we could not use Marshall aid as a "club" to bully the European nations into living up to their treaty pledges. The aid should be freely given, regardless of performance, and we should rely on persuasion and negotiations with the European governments, to induce them to take the steps they promised to put their economies on a sound basis. On numerous occasions when Hoffman and Harriman took a firm stand in specific issues, the State Department literally cut the ground out from under their feet and forced them to back down.

It did not take too much time for the Western European governments to draw the correct conclusions. Marshall aid would, and did, continue, regardless of whether or not they lived up to their treaty agreements. There no longer was any urgent necessity for undertaking the political risks involved in putting their economy on a competitive

basis. There was no real need for carrying out the inconvenient fiscal reforms they had agreed to. The OEEC soon degenerated into a mechanism for parcelling out United States dollars among its members. And only the stubborn conviction of Monet and Schuman of France kept the idea of economic unification alive.

Thus Western Europe today is no more able to stand on its own feet than it was when the Marshall Plan was conceived. A larger sum will be asked this year for Western European aid than was requested the year the Marshall Plan was started.

AND so the challenge is tossed to the new President and his cabinet. Most of the bargaining position we enjoyed five years ago has been frittered away. The European governments are increasingly inclined to view threats of reduction or cutting off of United States aid with irritation rather than deep concern. They just cannot believe we really mean it.

Fortunately, President Eisenhower is thoroughly familiar with the entire background. He is fully aware that Western Europe defense potential is the direct reflection of its economic strength. And while he is an advocate of continued aid, he has also been sharply critical of the reluctance of the Western European governments to carry out their promises.

He is also fully aware of the growing impatience in Congress and among the public at the continuation of huge foreign-aid burdens, which the previous administration had repeatedly promised would be terminated six months ago.

If continued foreign aid is to produce any tangible results for the American taxpayer, President Eisenhower must exercise to the utmost his talents for leadership, and persuade the European governments that the time has come for specific action. He has only to induce them to carry out the solemn pledges they made five years ago, in return for the billions of ECA dollars they have received — and spent.



» If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you. This is the principal difference between a dog and a man.

— Mark Twain

★ *The Little Patriot of* ★ ★ *Ybor City* ★

BY DALEN PANDO

EUSEBIO's venerable legs carried him hurriedly over the distance to the Calixto Lopez cigar factory. It was Friday, and payday, and he could not be late. In the warm late afternoon sun he raced along the dribbled sand and broken cement of the sidewalks of Ybor City. The aromatic odor of tobacco was a heavy element in the still air as he finally reached the oblong red brick building. He was on time; the workers were still inside! He stopped to rest against the banister of the steep flight of steps that led to the entrance. Ten years ago he, too, used to come through those big doors. That was before his enforced retirement, before his trembly old hands would no longer make cigars that were fit to smoke. Now he waited for the workers to emerge, feeling assured that those who were his friends or his good relatives would give him a little contribution. They did not treat him as a beggar; just as one of them who could no longer work. As he leaned there musing, the factory workers started coming

through the doors, all talking Spanish interspersed with English-sounding "okays" and "anyhows."

"Here, Tio Eusebio, fifty cents," said Paco Menendez, as he reached the bottom step, "but be careful; do not talk 'bolita' or Washington will send a committee to investigate you," he added laughingly.

The old man took the money, smiled and shrugged his shoulders. He knew he was being teased. Of course, one did not talk "bolita" since the Kefauver Crime Committee hearings took place. The committee's report, which he had read in the Spanish-language newspaper, certainly proved what he suspected and ignored: that Ybor City's "bolita" dimes and quarters united some policemen, most gangsters and too many politicians in a triad of crime. But one did win sometimes. And before the hearings he had discussed the numbers he was going to play and would offer to share his winnings with his benefactors. No, he was not going to talk now; he did not need Paco's admonition, but

he wished he could talk — it was so satisfactory to anticipate a winning by discussing one's good chances.

Down the factory steps came the procession of workers. The lovers, Armando and Teresa, separated from the throng to give the old man their weekly joint contribution. They were followed by many others. Then came Carola, who was in the midst of an excited group of girls. Though she was coated with the tobacco dust that masked them all, as usual the sight of her filled Eusebio's old heart with joy and affection. Her companions waited while she came to him. Bending toward him, she tenderly pressed her arm around his shoulder.

"Old darling, here is a quarter. And I have something very nice to tell you. We have placed your name on Sunday's program as one of the speakers. Your name and picture will be in all the papers," she said.

His old frame shook with pleasure, for he knew she was referring to the big event scheduled for Sunday at Vals Point Park. The occasion was Cuba's Independence Day, which the community was to celebrate. Many prominent civic leaders and city officials, as well as distinguished visitors from Cuba, were going to participate in the ceremonies. It was incredible that he, too, was going to be among them! But why incredible? Was he not a patriot? It was in the history books that many men sailed out of Tampa Bay trying to help the Cubans fight

for independence. And he could tell them how he and his friends in 1895 tried to get through the Spanish blockade; how some were captured; how he got through.

"Do you really mean it, Carola? I'm to be on the program with all those important people?" he asked, his voice tremulous with emotion.

"Yes, the Cigarworkers Committee wants you to retell your story; you tell it well. But do not make it too long, old one, as there will be many speakers." Then patting his arm, she left him and joined her friends.

His eyes were overflowing as he watched her graceful figure disappear in the crowd; he knew she was responsible for this honor to him. She was the ace cigar-bander of the Calixto Lopez factory and a spirited leader among the workers.

Others stopped to contribute and then the last toiler went past him. To each and everyone who paused, he breathlessly announced that he had a part on Sunday's program. His words rushed out to tarry the passing friend. But even as he boasted, overwhelmed with the honor, he was overcome with humility, for he was so shabby and poor that he could not fit in, he felt, with the well-dressed participants on the speakers' platform.

He started back, counting the money as he slowly walked on 19th Street toward Broadway. Five dollars and eighty cents. About as usual. Those eighty cents, distrib-

uted with luck among some good numbers, might hit the "bolita." He just had to have money. He could not disgrace Carola and stand there before all those people in cracked shoes. He would have to get new shoes, have his hat blocked, his suit pressed. The hat and suit he could manage out of the collections, but there was not enough for shoes.

As he discussed his problems with himself, he came to the door of Luis' café. He hesitated; then walked past it to rest on the outside bench. In spite of the investigations, Eusebio knew that anyone known to Luis could place a bet there. He did not know who the "bolita" bankers were now, and he had not known before, but he had known most of their old collectors. Many of these had given up. The new collector at Luis' was Manolo, the good-looking son of his friend Gomez. He recalled that Manolo, a high school graduate, properly had not considered working in the cigar factories. Unfortunately, his first job was with a third-rate furniture store which sold its merchandise on easy terms. When he refused to collect for collapsed furniture, he was fired. At least that was the explanation given by his good friend Gomez for the son's present employment.

TIO EUSEBIO got up from the bench and went into the gloom of the café. There were a few men scattered at the tables among the

shadows in the room. He decided to have a drink while he made up his mind whether to play; needing those shoes, he would have to play; just one number then — a good one. Even though it was no longer fun; even though there was such a furtive air to trying one's luck these days, he would decide on a number. It was different in the old days. Then one discussed with others the number of one's choice; it was shouted back and forth, or one went close to the number-taker and saw that it was written down properly, with no room for errors. Collectors always paid off then, if one won. Now some of the new ones did not pay, claiming that the police confiscated their pay-off money or that they were held up. He hoped Manolo was not one of these, a dishonest collector. Eusebio leaned against the bar, waiting for Luis to get to him.

"What will it be, Eusebio?" asked Luis, dispensing with the affectionate "Tío."

"A double sherry," he answered, and then in a conspiratorial tone added, "while I decide on a good number." Luis poured a glass of wine, but ignored the companionable words. The old man was embarrassed. Ashamed of his slip into the old free-spoken ways, he quickly picked up the wine glass and walked toward a table near the door.

As he gazed into the street, there appeared before his eyes a strange sight indeed. Two figures, two

figures dressed in black, were coming out of the distance. He hurriedly left his chair and stepped outside for a better look. Yes, it was a pair of nuns! Nuns were seldom in that vicinity. Two nuns meant number 55 was indicated. That, of course, was the number he would play!

He returned to Luis' counter and gave him half a dollar.

"All of it on 55 for the first prize," he whispered, "and should I win, I'll be here tomorrow waiting for the money," he added firmly, so that Luis would know that he was not to be cheated. By listening to the winning numbers of the Cuban National Lottery, announced over the radio, he would know whether his selection was a winner. If the last two digits of tomorrow's grand prize in Cuba equaled 55, he would win \$35.00; truly a bonanza! He would have new shoes on his feet and money in his pocket come Sunday. But supposing he did win and the collector would not pay. He could not bear to think that he would be a victim of such dishonesty. There had been so many stories following the investigation of collectors' doing people out of their rightful winnings.

The wine and his unhappy thoughts dimmed the vision of himself standing proudly and well-dressed before the crowd of people at Vals Point Park. He probably would not be lucky and would lose his fifty cents as he had lost so many other half-dollars, and quarters, and

dimes. He slowly shuffled off to his room.

SUNDAY was a beautiful day. The multitude in Vals Point Park seated before the bandshell were canopied with a brilliant blue sky. The waters of the bay were rippled by an occasional warm breeze. The men and women of the Latin Colony and the other townspeople interested in the event filled the benches while their children frolicked in the aisles. The hard-working young musicians of Ybor City's "Estudiantina," the young people's band, filled the air with overstrained music. The crowd had happily applauded the speakers who in either English or Spanish made patriotic references to the great day. Carola, looking cool in a pale yellow dress, now stepped forward from the group of people who in the wings of the bandshell conducted the event, and stood before the microphone.

"We of the Cigarmakers Committee bring to you with pleasure our very own Eusebio Frias, beloved citizen of our community, who will tell us his story of those brave men who left this port one night in 1895."

From among the seated speakers and dignitaries the old man stepped forward, resplendent in his pressed beige suit and new brown shoes with perforated nylon tops. There was a slight bulge on the right side of the suit, such as might be made by a roll of bills in a trouser pocket. As

he waited for the electrician to adjust the microphone to his small stature, he glanced heavenward and then down toward the front row where sat his friend Gomez. He had been sent a fortunate portent and his friend had an honest son.

Tio Eusebio gently cleared his throat and in liquid oratorical Spanish began:

"Humble and grateful for the privilege of standing here before you, dear friends and compatriots . . ."



» In his autobiography, G. K. Chesterton calls H. G. Wells "one of the best men in the world with whom to start a standing joke; though perhaps he did not like it to stand too long after it was started." Chesterton says he shared with Wells the credit for inventing "the well-known and widespread national game of Gype." Together with their contemporary men of letters, they promoted Land Gype, Water Gype, and Table Gype. The latter was called "a game for the little ones," for which Chesterton himself cut out and colored pieces of cardboard of mysterious and significant shapes. They even talked of Gype's Ear, a disease which might afflict the overzealous player. In a report on the publicity they gave the game of Gype, Chesterton confesses: "Everything was in order and going forward; except the game itself, which has not yet been invented."

By
VICTOR
RIESEL



LABOR *and* EISENHOWER

THE little, bespectacled fellow in the doorway to the hotel suite doffed his well-worn hat.

"I'm Harry Truman," he announced, with the hesitancy of a stranger not certain he'd come to the right place at the appointed hour. "I'm supposed to pose with a poster . . ."

The words drifted off. There were stilted pleasantries from the second-echelon political leader assigned to greet Franklin Roosevelt's running mate. The photographer put a white frosted bulb into the camera holder and I satisfied my editor by making "contact with that fellow running with FDR," who had come to the political headquarters in New York to stand up and be photographed with one of the few campaign posters which mentioned his name. The poster was paid for by local labor leaders.

That was the first time I met Harry S. Truman — so I knew him when a few months later he came in for a prize fight and was taken over to a local beanery on 51st Street. There the proprietor, a burly chap by the name of Toots Shor, generously put his hulking arm around the

newly elected Vice President and said:

"Hang around, Harry, we'll make a national figure of you here."

The last time I talked to the President personally was eight years later, the night of the Democrats' Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner. My chest had been nearly caved in by a Secret Service man who thought I'd got too close to the dais. As I picked myself up, Jimmie Petrillo, who shoots a faster gag than Bob Hope, hurried over.

"If you want to talk to the President, lemme know," Jimmie snapped. "That Truman is a member of my union. Heh, Mr. President, aren't you?"

Truman laughed.

"But I haven't paid my dues, Jimmie," the President chuckled.

"Don't worry," Petrillo retorted, "after what you did for us, you got a lifetime membership."

Jimmie had gone to the trouble of issuing Mr. Truman a gold membership card in the American Federation of Musicians. And, though other unions hadn't gone through similar formalities, there was no doubt that in his last years in the

White House, the 31st President of the U. S. had gone from the casual acquaintanceship of that first meeting in a New York hotel to virtual partnership with American labor. What they had not been able to win without bitter 50-day strikes in the past, he promised — and delivered — in one telephone conversation (with Philip Murray, Christmas week of 1951) or at selected White House conferences (with John L. Lewis, the week before the 1952 election).

SO APPARENT was this politico-labor coalition that some wags soon dubbed Mr. Truman "that business agent in the White House." And during the CIO convention, when Walter Reuther and Allan Haywood appeared deadlocked in their battle for Phil Murray's mantle, the United Press officially queried the CIO's national counsel, Arthur Goldberg, about a copyrighted newspaper story from Erie, Pa. It bluntly announced it was reliably informed that Harry Truman was going to be the next president of CIO. Art Goldberg, an unusually mild-mannered fellow, finally muttered something about having to do things to put this "nonsense" down.

But the partnership was not nonsense.

Nor was it a partnership with just one man. It was the final coalescing of the closeness between American labor and the titular head of the

Democratic Party. Shortly after the nomination of Adlai Stevenson, the Illinois Governor stepped in as the senior partner, leaving just the chores to the retiring executive.

It can be revealed here for the first time that, although Adlai Stevenson was in daily contact with some labor chief or another — be it Walter Reuther through Arthur Schlesinger, or David Dubinsky through Secretary of the Interior Oscar Chapman, or more directly with the AFL's Joseph Keenan — the recent Democratic presidential nominee telephoned Harry S. Truman only twice during his long campaign.

So intimate were the partners who challenged General Eisenhower, that in many areas the labor leaders *were* the Democratic Party. That combine lost. What can labor now expect from General Eisenhower, who is fully aware of the solid labor opposition during the campaign?

Ike remembers well that his labor liaison man, Harold E. Stassen, asked the AFL chiefs to breakfast with the General just before he took the platform at the Federation's September 1952 convention. The labor men refused to meet Eisenhower before he spoke. Ike also remembers that he dispatched emissaries — at the advice of his labor experts — to ask the AFL council to help write that speech and urge that they stay traditionally neutral. The union heads returned word honestly enough that they would not aid in developing the speech — and that they

most likely would, for the first time in their convention history, endorse a presidential nominee, Stevenson.

MEANWHILE, the CIO Political Action Committee was its usual anti-Republican self. It blistered Eisenhower as a weak and uninformed prisoner of Wall Street and "Big Business." It was the CIO which launched the final depression propaganda drive against Ike. Developed first in Texas, the CIO put out leaflets showing Bowery breadlines, and predicted that the election of the General would return grim days like those of early 1930.

Suddenly these leaflets blanketed the nation — and included in the art work was an old picture of Eisenhower (then a major) with General MacArthur at Anacosta Flats — the scene of the dispersal, at White House orders, of the unemployed veterans' encampment. The insinuation that the now five-star General would use troops on any new demonstration by the unemployed reportedly angered the Republican candidate as much as the post-election blast of President Truman, which characterized Eisenhower's trip to Korea as "demagoguery."

Then came the deluge. Never had labor been so identified with a side that lost so overwhelmingly. It's generally overlooked these days, but the labor movement was basically Republican until Franklin Delano Roosevelt. And under that

gay but erudite tactician, little Sam Gompers, American labor played it down the middle.

Now, for the first time, it had no entry into the White House. In fact, there was virtually no one high in the AFL or CIO who knew anyone in the Eisenhower camp on a first-name basis, except perhaps a few union men who knew Arthur Vandenberg, Jr.

Then the grim news flashed from San Francisco. Phil Murray had died. The CIO was split — seemingly leaderless. The AFL, to be frank without disrespect to the memory of a decent but powerless old man, was less affected by the death of Bill Green. But it had to cope with many new problems at a difficult moment.

IF EISENHOWER were to hit back, this was the strategic time. He knew little about labor, but he, the supreme tactician, knew he could hurt the unions now if he wanted to.

Then unfolded the drama of the "incredible" plumber. Now, labor, the public, and American industry knew what the unions could expect from the new President — an olive branch, peace with honor in the cabinet, and a White House open to the AFL, at least.

The story of the surprised plumber — Martin Durkin, president of the AFL's Plumbers and Pipefitters Union — more than any other development of the hiatus between the election and the inauguration, re-

veals Eisenhower's attitude towards labor as developed by Attorney General Herbert Brownell, easily the most influential strategist in the GOP high command.

This policy calls for the wooing and weaning of the conservatives inside labor away from the Democrats, presumably in anticipation of the 1954 elections, which could easily wash out the Republicans' narrow margin controlling Congress. Just two seats lost to the Democrats in the Senate and six in the House would do that.

Here's what happened following Eisenhower's stupendous victory:

A few days after the election, the General received a gracious note from the AFL. Shortly thereafter, through the protocol of advising George Meany to ask for an appointment, the AFL president was among the first to see Ike. As broad of principle as he is of beam, George Meany made no bid for a job, nor did he suggest anyone when the General asked for a candidate for the Secretaryship of Labor.

"Appoint a labor man if you can, General," Meany is reported to have said, "but, if you can't, for heaven's sake don't give us a college professor or a professional politician."

They talked for an hour — and Meany left, to learn that Bill Green was dead.

MEANWHILE, Republican headquarters had no word from CIO, the leadership of which was

moving west for their national CIO convention in Los Angeles. When news came of Phil Murray's death, Eisenhower immediately dispatched a sympathetic note to the CIO officials. Still there was no return word from the CIO.

Slowly the sentiment grew at the Eisenhower headquarters that the CIO wanted a showdown fight — and it would get it. This alarmed one of the Republican labor strategists, Mel Pitzele, who reportedly told Brownell that the future would bring enough labor crises without one being provoked by default even before the inauguration.

A call was put through to Art Goldberg, who was the interim "caretaker" between CIO presidents. The CIO lawyer explained that his organization was in an uproar over the death of its leader, but most certainly it wished to pay its respects and pledge support to the new President. The Friday morning before the CIO convention, Goldberg led a large CIO delegation into Eisenhower's private headquarters — and for the first time in years he sat with the most militant of American labor chiefs. These were the men who had assailed him so strongly.

If the General were to reveal his attitude anywhere, anytime, this was the place and moment. Here were the critics of big business. Here was the whirling Walter Reuther, soon to become CIO chief and warn in his acceptance speech

that labor would fight "Stalin and Standard Oil." Here was the CIO sailors' leader, Joe Curran, big, tough and outspoken, and with him was the lesser-known though brilliant strategist, little Hedley Stone. These men had come out of the bloodiest of waterfront struggles. Here, too, was Jack Potofsky, the Vandyked successor to Sidney Hillman; the leader of the CIO drive into the southern textile field, Emil Rieve; and others including the gadfly of the biggest of businessmen, Jim Carey, young CIO national secretary. Each of them had blasted Ike as the enemy.

They were received as friends. Only once did they seem to clash — and then quietly, although very significantly. The General warned that he would not tolerate industry-wide strikes and planned to look into legislation which would prevent one union from shutting down a vital industry, such as steel or coal, and so paralyzing the nation.

Here, then, was the General's first threat of restrictive legislation. The militants listened. Then someone said such a law would bring chaos — intimating broadly that the unions would hit the picket lines to fight any such curb. Quickly this was passed by. And soon the conferees were preparing a statement for the press, approved by Eisenhower after changing the word "crisis" to "confusion" in the statement, which originally said "we meet in a moment of crisis."

The General obviously was feeling his way.

Thus passed the first phase. The General had told labor it need not fear him; he wanted no industrial war, no feud between the Republicans and the labor chiefs. The door was always open.

THEN came the second move — the appointment of a Labor Secretary without Taft's approval. This compact era — for that's what it will turn out to be — began when Herbert Brownell started to seek a Labor Secretary and it was decided he'd be either a labor leader or one so close to labor leaders that the unions would consider him their own spokesman. Not even Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Harry S. Truman had dared woo labor so openly.

For a week before the General appointed Marty Durkin, a series of significant suggestions were telephoned by Brownell to Taft. Most significant of all was the proposal of Harry Lundeberg's name. Lundeberg is an open-shirted, earthy-tongued, dungareed, AFL Pacific Coast sailors' leader who wanders around town wearing a white cap. If Hollywood had been ordered to cast someone in a proletarian mold, the movie people would have made him in Lundeberg's image. Obviously, Eisenhower and Brownell were determined to tell the labor people in the AFL that they were welcome deep inside.

There were other suggestions.

Suddenly, however, Taft heard that a friend of Adlai Stevenson, a New Deal plumbers' leader, had been named. Brownell had picked Durkin at the suggestion of men high in Washington Catholic circles, for the new appointee had to be a Catholic to balance the Cabinet. Brownell had telephoned Durkin — who said, in effect, "Who me?" and, when convinced Ike meant it, went home early.

So unlikely was this appointment that no one who first heard it believed the news — not even Mrs. Durkin. When Marty arrived at his suburban Washington home hours before he was due that night, Mrs. Durkin showed the alarm of any devoted wife to a spouse who has suddenly broken years of routine. It was midafternoon and she asked anxiously if anything was wrong.

"I'm going to New York to talk to General Eisenhower," the president of the Plumbers' International Union said.

"All right, that's enough of your kidding; now why did you come home early?" she inquired again.

Well, it all worked out. The New Dealer, the man who had been close to George Meany for years, the man who had supported the tradition-breaking resolution at the AFL convention urging the support of Adlai Stevenson, was soon with Ike. Durkin reported it later to his Friends:

"The General asked me if I thought it [Durkin's Democratic

politics] would interfere with the performance of my job as Secretary. I told him I did not think it would and he said to me: 'Well, that's good enough for me.'"

That ended the second phase — except for Senator Taft's blast against what he termed an "incredible" appointment.

THERE is another hint of what labor can expect from Eisenhower, who knew that it was Durkin and his AFL colleagues who had made Taft their No. 1 target for years because of the Taft-Hartley law. Therefore, it is reasonable to assume that the General and his top brain-truster, Brownell, thought it more important for their immediate purpose to woo labor than to woo Taft.

No affront may have been meant, but the political facts of life are never as subtle as the stuff about birds and bees. The new President was obviously telling labor that it would be Brownell's policies and not the Senator's which would govern him in the White House.

It would also be accurate to report that this was the General's retort to those who said he was the prisoner either of Taft or of big business. It revealed a sensitivity to the old campaign attacks on Ike as a wanderer in a political wonderland which he did not understand.

Whatever the reason, the series of events leading to the appointment against which the bookies would have given 100 to 1, meant

that there would not be any legislation in this Congress which labor — at least the AFL — opposed. This became as evident as a Truman temper, when Senator Taft received a friendly visit from George Meany some weeks later. If you hadn't heard the results of the recent presidential election, you'd never know the labor leaders had been on the losing side. Certainly you'd not have been aware of it had you sat with them behind the closed doors of Senator Taft's office on a Monday in mid-December.

What happened in that friendly session answers the question so many have asked since election: What can labor expect from the new Republican administration?

Despite the Taft outburst against Durkin, there had been nothing personal in the attack on the appointment of a Democratic labor chief. Taft wanted a Republican named. But, now that Durkin had it, the Ohio Senator was ready to work with him and the national labor chiefs. Meany and Taft — Meany, promoter once of the slogan that Taft-Hartley was a "slave labor law," and Taft, author of the first law in two decades to cut back on the utter freedom given unions by the Roosevelt Administration — talked for over an hour. And there was not much fundamental difference between them.

Meany said, in effect, that the law had hurt in some places.

Taft asked where.

Meany said his people were surveying the field and would know the following week.

Taft said, fine, come in and let's see what we can do to even things up.

There was one common thought in that talk. Taft agreed that those sections where labor was singled out as inferior or less trustworthy than industry, would be modified so that both unions and management would be treated alike. For example, the Taft-Hartley law requires labor leaders to file an affidavit swearing they are not Communists. Both General Eisenhower and Senator Taft agree that business executives should be asked for similar oaths — so that the patriotism of all labor is not automatically impugned by the law. And so on through other sections on injunctions and the employer's rights to replace strikers.

SO, ODDLY enough, we now find President Eisenhower and Senator Taft in general agreement on a friendly approach to labor — and even to labor leaders. This has provoked, in another section of the GOP, acrid criticisms of both men as left of center in the Republican Party. Believe it. It happened. There is at least one top policy-making executive in one of the nation's ten biggest corporations who has said so to a small group of newspapermen and women who dropped in for a traditional pre-Christmas lunch and verbal lance-breaking.

This industrialist, nationally fa-

mous, said bluntly he did not expect that the Eisenhower administration would depart much from the practice of the Roosevelt and Truman governments. He believed that "business was still in the dog house," and that, in moments of industrial crisis, the government would pressure the corporations into yielding to the unions.

We asked him to put it on the record. He did. And then when we recapped its bluntness, he urged that we hold off for a while until the administration fully develops its labor policy.

Whether he's right, or just part of the conservative bloc in the Republican Party which wants legislation immediately to prevent industry-wide bargaining and national strikes, and seeks to warn rather than woo unions, we'll soon see.

ASIDE from the swift-moving incidents leading to Marty Durkin's appointment we have only a few hints of General Eisenhower's attitude towards labor. One came late in his World War II career. He was in Frankfurt as Allied chief when he heard that Sidney Hillman, the CIO leader, was in Berlin for a labor conference. Eisenhower immediately got on the telephone and ordered that a special plane be readied so Hillman could be flown for a conference with him in Frankfurt. Although Hillman was a controversial figure back in the States and was in Berlin for a parley of

the Russian-dominated World Federation of Trade Unions, Eisenhower was not aware of these complexities. He knew only that a prominent American labor leader was in occupied Germany and should be shown courtesy.

Later it was Hillman who suggested that Ike be invited to speak at the CIO national convention in Atlantic City — at which the General's name was mentioned for president for the first time. Years later, in 1947 and 1951, Ike twice turned down the labor-Truman coalition offer of the Democratic nomination.

The other hint of his labor policy, aside from his AFL speech in which he said he had come not to woo labor but to state his position, came in answer to a question of mine, during his first New York press conference. I had asked him how he would have handled the steel crisis last year, the one which resulted in the seizure of the mills by Truman.

Ike looked down from the heavily microphoned podium and swiftly said that while he did not know the full details, he would not have put pressure on any one side. He would have brought them both together with himself present. They would have talked of the needs of the country. And he would have left as a neutral — leaving them to work it out between themselves.

Apparently the nation can expect exactly that — Eisenhower will be a neutral "neutral," not neutral against any one side.

YOUNG MR. COHN

By Howard Rushmore



SHORTLY AFTER WORLD WAR II ended, our intelligence officers in Europe unearthed a Soviet document which listed the names of certain Americans whose deaths had been recommended by Stalin once the United States fell into his hands.

Most of those on the list were newspapermen whose relentless exposure of domestic Reds had caused considerable anguish both in Union Square and in the Kremlin. It included a few people in government who had led the fight against Stalin's agents in America. Undoubtedly that list has been revised during the past year to include another "enemy of the revolution."

His name is Roy M. Cohn. He is a ripe twenty-five years of age and he's hated by every comrade from the State Department across to Minsk.

During his four years as a government lawyer dynamic little Cohn has shaped a career that has had the acceleration rate of a happy comet. Starting as an obscure Assistant U.S. Attorney in New York City, the center of Communist espionage, sabotage and intrigue, Cohn has played an important part in exposing or sending to jail dozens of

Moscow agents and leading American Communists.

But to many of his friends, the most courageous phase of his activities has been his almost single-handed and little known fight against those forces in Washington which long ago substituted the jack-ass for the umbrella as a symbol of appeasement.

The influence in the Democratic Party of the Marxist-Fabian axis of the New Deal has always annoyed Cohn and his father, an old-line Democrat who rose from the ranks as an assistant Bronx district attorney to a New York Supreme Court Judge assigned to the appellate division.

Roy's brief and meteoric rise in the legal ranks still has Judge Cohn gasping. A quiet, scholarly man, the Judge has watched the breathless activities of his ubiquitous son with more than a share of paternal pride. Like many an old-fashioned Democrat, he has also been concerned with some of the happenings in Washington.

From the beginning of his service with the government, Roy told friends he had one rather fixed idea: to demonstrate that one could still

believe in the party of Jefferson and Jackson and be an aggressive anti-Communist. As far as Roy is concerned, the demonstration has been eminently successful, even if rather lonely.

He played a major role in the conviction of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, the atom bomb spies. His examination of David Greenglass, Ethel's brother and the chief government witness, may well be used as a model of the art of direct examination for years to come.

DURING THIS TRIAL, the entire press room in the U.S. Courthouse on New York City's Foley Square flocked to hear Roy handle the difficult and intricate presentation of Greenglass's damaging evidence.

Reporters traditionally take a dim view of most lawyers and tend to regard them as windbags engaged in a dull profession. But, as one newsman said when Cohn wound up the direct examination, "It's a pleasure to hear that boy practice law."

The pleasure hasn't been felt by the various attorneys for the Communists who have felt the bite of Cohn's keen mind and nimble wit in the courtroom. During the opening of the subversive conspiracy trial of thirteen Communist leaders last year, John T. McTernan, chief counsel for the comrades and himself named a Red by Congressional witnesses, was heard to remark:

"Where did the government pick up that brat?"

That "brat" then proceeded to give McTernan a week-long preview of what the Communists were up against. With Louis F. Budenz on the stand, Cohn quickly placed before the jury the entire framework of the government case.

Budenz, the former *Daily Worker* managing editor who quit the Communist Party to return to the Catholic Church, was regarded by Cohn as the key witness in the case. In those first few days, the conduct of the direct examination would well determine whether the jury would accept the fact that the thirteen Reds on trial plotted and conspired to forcibly overthrow the government of the United States.

Within an hour Cohn had the jury beaming approval, particularly the women, who smiled and reacted almost instantly to the young attorney's charm and ability.

But the jury and the spectators did not know that Cohn had another reason for throwing what a baseball pitcher would call "his hard, high one." Before the trial opened, a government lawyer connected with the case had remarked:

"I wish we didn't have to use that informer, Budenz."

This enraged Cohn, and in one of his characteristic exhibitions of honesty, the youngster laced into his superior with a heated defense of Budenz and an attack on the pet theory of the New and Fair Deal

mob that ex-Communists are far more dangerous than active traitors.

It wasn't a move calculated to advance Cohn's career with the Justice Department. But it is this kind of basic honesty that has won Cohn the devoted friendship of Budenz, Elizabeth Bentley, Whitaker Chambers, and other former Communists who have spent many weary hours on witness stands in an effort to expiate their former mistakes. The growing number of convictions based on their testimony is proof of their acceptance as honest persons by juries; but the hatchet men of Roosevelt and Truman ignored this in an all-out smear of such ex-Communists.

COHN'S THEORY is a simple one: "Budenz, Chambers, Bentley and the others made a clean break with the party and have helped us convict dozens of Reds who still serve Moscow. If the thousands of other ex-Communists had the same amount of guts and would cooperate with the government, we'd get more convictions."

When Budenz had finished his testimony in the conspiracy trial, McTernan rose to conduct the typical character assassination used by the Marxist lawyers. Cohn fought him tooth and nail and bluntly accused McTernan of ignoring the rules of law and courtroom etiquette. Roy won that duel and left McTernan glaring at the "brat" who had beaten him.

Cohn also has refused to knuckle down to hidebound traditions in his fight against the Reds. At his insistence, Gus Hall was brought up on contempt charges when that Communist leader had been captured after attempting to escape a five-year sentence handed down by Judge Harold R. Medina in 1949.

Cohn stormed the dusty ramparts of the Justice Department's law libraries and insisted that action be taken against Hall. Some of his superiors pointed out that there was no prior case of record under which Hall could receive an additional sentence for contempt.

"Then we'll put one on the books," Cohn snapped.

He did. Hall's attorney shrieked that Cohn was violating all Anglo-Saxon law, and Cohn's Washington superiors hinted that the forfeiture of Hall's \$20,000 bond satisfied them. Against this opposition Cohn went ahead, and two weeks later Hall was on his way to Leavenworth with three extra years for contempt of court.

This victory and the making of legal history would have been enough to satisfy the average U.S. Attorney. But not Roy Cohn.

Hall's bond had been supplied by an outfit known as the Civil Rights Congress, which, up until the time of Hall's conviction, had enjoyed a career of defending the civil liberties of spies and traitors without a dissenting word from Uncle Sam. True, the Attorney General had

marked the CRC subversive, but the organization shrugged that one off and raised another million dollars.

Cohn hauled the four trustees of the CRC's bail fund before Judge Sylvester J. Ryan and insisted that Frederick Vanderbilt Field, Dashiell Hammett, Abner Green, and W. A. Hunton supply the names of the contributors to this fund. This immediately set off anguished howls from the witnesses to the effect that they would rather go to jail than reveal the names. Go to jail they did and the State of New York then cracked down on the CRC, outlawed its bail fund and sent a list of several thousand contributors to the FBI.

THE DAILY WORKER and its Communist editors began to recognize in Cohn a dangerous opponent who didn't abide by the rules of polite legal procedure as observed by some U.S. Attorneys.

The Communists even hinted after the Rosenbergs were convicted and on their way to the electric chair that Cohn was "anti-Semitic."

Cohn also has a theory on that one. "When I was in high school," he says, "I wrote a theme based on the danger of Communism to the Jews. Now that I've tangled with the comrades and had a taste of their in-fighting, I know I'm right. Communism is a foe of all religions, including my own."

His close friends say that Roy regards his work against Communism

as an obligation of citizenship. "His is a kind of pre-New Deal patriotism," one of them said. "He feels that every American has got to take up the fight against the Reds. He also feels keenly that Americans of the Jewish faith have an added obligation. Roy has often explained to me that, more than any other minority, the Jew should be grateful for the advantages America has given him and must fight in every way to protect it from any enemy who would destroy this country."

In one of the Communist cases Cohn was prosecuting, someone complained that too many of the Reds involved had Jewish names, and didn't this make for anti-Semitism?

Cohn snapped back, "Do you want me to treat them any differently because they have Jewish names? These people are traitors to their country and their religion. I don't regard them as Jews."

This adult reasoning comes from a young man who is essentially a rugged individualist. His is a kind of vivacious charm that has won him friends in all walks of life. A list of Roy Cohn's boosters reads like a *Who's Who* and includes such varied individuals as Senator Homer Ferguson, Walter Winchell, Leonard Lyons, and George Sokolsky.

Some of the older men adopt a paternal view and worry about Roy's ego getting out of hand. But what would be vanity in most youngsters is self-confidence in Cohn's case. Like

Dizzy Dean, who, when asked for comment after he set a National League record by striking out 17 Cubs, said quietly, "I pitched a hell of a ball game," Roy thinks his record justifies confidence.

It does. The record started when he became an obscure Assistant U.S. Attorney in the Southern District of New York, back in 1948. Cohn had just finished a whirlwind tour of Columbia University, where he graduated from both college and law school in three and a half years and had to wait until he was 21 to take and pass the bar examination. He became part of Uncle Sam's legal team the day he passed those exams.

HE STARTED TRAIL-BLAZING almost immediately. It is customary in most U.S. Attorneys' offices for the young cubs to sweat out an apprentice period during which they are seen but not often heard. Cohn jumped almost immediately into a sensational narcotics case, hauled in the violators and won a conviction with the stiffest sentence ever handed down in federal courts against dope peddlers.

But Cohn's great love is the prosecution of the Communist advocates of treason. He did legal work for his boss, John F. X. McGohey, in the 1949 trial of Eugene Dennis and ten other Red leaders. Roy studied the works of Marx and Lenin and learned these primers of disloyalty so well that in court he

can discuss the intricate phases of this phony political science with the best of Communist lawyers. When McGohey was named to the federal bench, Cohn became confidential assistant to the new U.S. District Attorney, Irving H. Saypol. Young Roy found Saypol an ideal boss, for the latter — like McGohey — was determined to apply the full measure of the law to New York City's 15,000 Communist spies and traitors.

Saypol, an excellent lawyer, shared Cohn's belief that partisan politics should not prevent prosecution of Reds who had broken the law. Within a few months William W. Remington, a former Commerce Department official with many high-placed friends in Washington, was indicted for perjury. Cohn was assigned to work up the evidence in the case.

Part of this job included a trip to Knoxville, Tenn., to obtain certain records of persons employed there at the time Remington was on the staff of the government power plant. Some of the TVA bureaucrats had tender memories of Bill Remington and regarded him as a nice liberal who was being harassed by that nasty Bentley woman, who had said Billy Boy was a Soviet spy. They refused to cooperate.

Those TVA office walls must still bear the scars of Cohn's wrath. With all the fury of his then twenty-three years, Roy told the TVA officials what he thought of their regard for Remington.

"You're working for the same boss I am — Uncle Sam," he told them. "If you insist on shielding a traitor, then I'll get a warrant or whatever is necessary to seize these records."

He got the records.

THANKS TO THE FINE TRIAL WORK of Saypol and the quality of evidence unearthed by Cohn and the FBI, Remington was convicted and sentenced to five years. But the Circuit Court with Judge Learned Hand — the favorite legal mind of the liberal-Fair Deal set — writing the opinion, found technical faults in the charge of the trial judge and reversed the jury's finding.

Cohn, like any lawyer of ability, doesn't like to lose. Remington was quickly re-indicted with young Roy playing a major role in drawing up a five-count charge against the former Navy Intelligence officer.

But in November 1951 Irving Saypol had been elected to the Supreme Court of New York County, and a new U.S. Attorney moved in. He was Myles J. Lane, a former All-American halfback who had been an Assistant U.S. Attorney for fourteen years. Lane, although as anti-Communist as his predecessors, Saypol and McGohey, was not inclined by temperament to buck the Justice Department, and Cohn found himself temporarily at a standstill.

Before Lane took office, Cohn was placed in charge of a special federal grand jury investigating espionage

and subversive activities. Cohn had called in a number of powerful Communist labor leaders to probe possible perjury growing out of the signing of non-Communist affidavits required under the Taft-Hartley law. Cohn suspected that some of the Red union heads had not been quite honest when they "resigned" from the Communist Party the day before such affidavits were signed. But Lane, acting on Justice Department orders, told Cohn to call off the investigation and disband the grand jury for the time. Apparently official Washington was afraid of losing the possible votes of even the Communist unions.

Another blow fell on Cohn and three other young government attorneys, James Kilsheimer, Albert Blinder and John Foley. Under McGohey and Saypol this quartet had been welded into an excellent anti-Communist team of aggressive young men, with Cohn the leader of the "pony backfield," as they were known around the courthouse. Despite their experience in a variety of tough Communist cases, Lane ignored their value and publicly complained about his "green staff." Foley was shifted to other work and the remaining three found themselves isolated in favor of Lane's personal friends.

But Cohn wasn't silenced for long. Against official wishes, he launched a grand jury investigation of Communist infiltration of the UN. A long parade of American

citizens, some making \$20,000 a year in the world organization, appeared before the grand jury. Complaints were made daily to Washington by the anguished liberals in the UN, who said Cohn had no business treating their people in such an undignified fashion. Cohn was warned to take it easy.

YOUNG ROY COHN doesn't know the meaning of the phrases. Weeks of hearing arrogant Americans defy the grand jury and refuse to answer whether they were Communists nettled both Cohn and the jury. Dark hints of a government witch hunt appeared in the one-world publications.

Meanwhile the pressure was on Cohn. Some of it was lifted when McGranery was named Attorney General and invited Cohn to become his special assistant in charge of Communist investigations.

Some of Roy's friends warned him this was a trap. "They're using your reputation as an anti-Communist to whitewash everything," he was told. Cohn thought it over a few days — and took the job.

"It will give me more of a free hand in fighting Communists," he said. "If they try to stop any honest investigation, I'll resign."

Then Cohn renewed his grand jury probe and the Senate Internal Security subcommittee moved in to New York and called in the same witnesses who had been defying the jury. More than a score of key UN

officials refused in public sessions to answer if they were Reds; some even declined to state if they were engaged in espionage. Trygve Lie, who had once defied Cohn's investigation, finally saw that the average American was disgusted with such antics and started firing the reluctant witnesses.

Then Cohn and his jury drew up a presentment charging that the State Department had shielded American Communists in the UN, and sundry other pithy charges. Lane and Justice Department officials sought to block the presentment or to delay it. But Cohn won again and members of the jury angrily accused the Justice Department of trying to meddle in its probe. This touched off a Congressional investigation and in the Justice Department the name of Cohn became a bad word.

But McGranery, impressed by the courage of his young special assistant, refused to fire Cohn although that move was suggested by several high officials of the Justice Department.

AN ORDINARY YOUNGSTER would have taken time out about now for reflection. But Cohn plunged headfirst into other forbidden waters of the Administration and dragged forth a Johns Hopkins professor known as Owen Lattimore, a self-styled Far East expert. Lattimore, named by Senator Joseph R. McCarthy as a "top Soviet espionage

agent," had been whitewashed by the Tydings Committee and had won immortality in the book sections of the *New York Times* and *Herald-Tribune* for a book, *Ordeal by Slander*.

Even staunch anti-Communist friends of Roy warned him to stay out of this one. "You can't make a perjury charge stick," he was told.

Cohn then spent a week reading and re-reading Lattimore's denials of Communist promotion and sympathy made before the McCarran Committee. Then he went before a grand jury in Washington, and a week later Lattimore was indicted on seven counts of perjury.

Cohn is still restless. He thinks the UN houses plenty of American Communists and he has many other ideas for pursuit of his objective to destroy the Red conspiracy in America. He may be given a top job on some Congressional committee, for he has many important Republican as well as Democratic friends. At twenty-five, Cohn says, "I'm not ready to leave government. There are more than 30,000 Communist Party members still around. Something has got to be done about them."

Chances are something will be done; and Roy M. Cohn will play his part in doing it.



» Almighty God, we make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy holy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow-citizens of the United States at large.

— George Washington
(PRAYER AFTER INAUGURATION)

Down to Earth



..... **By Alan Devoe**

BY AND LARGE, there are three kinds of Truth. There is that "truth" which is a thing of custom, habit, and convenience, a truth obtaining by general unexamined agreement in a given culture. This is the truth imposed upon small children by their elders, in the process of educating them to take their places in society; and it is frequently as much of "truth" as the children, grown, will ever think about. The true, in this sense, may consist in such beliefs (as if self-evident) as that democracy is better than monarchy, that sexual congress should not occur except in marriage, that money should earn interest, and that a painting should look like what it depicts.

Second, there is that "truth" which, disregarding the merely customary and traditional, thrusts its roots (as its devotees believe) into a deeper soil of older validity. The Latin word for root is *radix*; and this is that species of truth which "radical" thinkers, as distinguished from the timidly orthodox and custom-wedded, suppose they pursue. The true, in this sense, may consist in such beliefs (as if just discovered at last, by daring) as that democracy is only a fumbling man-invention,

THE TIME OF DAY not provably superior to despotism, that marriage is a superstition resting on false supernaturalism and that human beings "originally" no doubt copulated as fecklessly as field mice, that money-at-interest is a nasty fiction sprouting from a wrong premise, and that a painting, being the exudate of a self, should be concerned to express the selfness rather than anything exterior.

Finally, there is that truth which, disregarding the truth of mere convention, and impatiently brushing past radical truth, too, stretches into the deeps to foundation itself (so its worshippers feel sure) upon nothing less than ultimate Absolute. This truth is held independent of all man-truth. This is God's truth. Truth, in this sense, may consist in whatever beliefs about marriage, monarchy, money lending or works of art; but, whatever the beliefs, they rest upon the surety that the sky has cracked open and a Voice has established them. Argument is ended, doubt is ended, there are no more questions. This is Truth, *ipso*.

WHAT is Truth? asked Pilate. Two thousand years later, in the *Down to Earth* department, the

answer is not going to pop up all of a sudden. These ponderings upon varieties of Truth, from the customary and cultural to the Absolute, have come up only for an odd and foolish enough sort of little reason. To wit, the calendar.

It had seemed a good idea to write, this month, a spring article. To a naturalist, it is spring now in February. Then abruptly there came the realization that, according to the calendar-truth observed in our time and place, spring will not be here until the twenty-first day of March, so if an article about "spring" appears now there will be bafflement and outrage among some devotees of that truth which rests upon custom, habit, and general unexamined agreement. Spring or not spring? Who says?

Do we take it from the calendar on the wall, with its picture of a bounding lamb marking the twenty-first of next month, or do we take it from what is happening outdoors this morning? During winter the starlings, wheeling over the snowy fields and clustering in the dormant trees, have been only croaking and creaking their bleak winter sound. This morning they are whistling, for spring. The butterflies called mourning cloaks are flying in numbers in the pale sunshine in the woods, for all the snow-patches remaining. Deep in the hemlock woods last night there sounded the wild, far-carrying hootings of great horned owls. That is spring music. That's

courting-calling. The female owls will have laid their eggs before the end of this month. What season is this? Are we in the tail-ending of winter, or do we listen to geese coming north and watch the sun-wakened gnats hovering over the creek in their thousands and begin to believe these are stirs almost presaging summer? What's the time of day?

IF ALL TRUTH is various, and depends a good deal on what sort of man you are, from broker to bishop, the truth about time, of course, is most disputable of all. Nature does not have any time. Nature hangs in being in a seamless Now. There is no putting brackets as at two ends of Infinity. It is only ourselves, being finite and creaturely, who look at nature and necessarily say, for purposes of reckoning and intelligibility, "This is a beginning" and "This is an ending." We spread out the Now, making it lengthwise, and then we chop that single-line dimension into segments. We say there are four seasons, regularly successive: spring, summer, autumn, winter. We make a truth in which we think of these as real entities. We say that from one midnight to the next midnight is a separable chunk of time-reality, one day. We say that seven of these days compose the chunk called a week, and fifty-two entity-blocks of weeks cohere to form the big block, one year. What day is it? Why, this is Monday, we say, or Wednesday, or Saturday. This day began last mid-

night and will end with the coming midnight. Before, it was yesterday. Afterward, tomorrow. We say this is thus-and-such particular day of thus-and-such particular week, and the weeks making the time-block of this year have a number: number one thousand nine hundred fifty-three. So we say; but it is all disputable.

Elsewhere, this year has another number. The "true" number, in another country, is five thousand seventy-seven. Somewhere else, it is six thousand four hundred twenty. But is it not then everywhere at least the same month? Why no, there is not that agreement. A month, etymologically, is a *moonth*. It is what month we say it is because of what we can see of the moon from where we stand, this being then accommodated to our local calendar arithmetic. Is it Wednesday, Saturday, Tuesday? There is nothing to say which, except a convention about international date lines and a useful fiction about a place called Greenwich. Well, the *week* then? There is something very funny about weeks: For thousands and millions of men, no weeks have existed.

It was taught us in school, likely enough, how our days got their names from the Saxon: Sun's day, Moon's day, Tiu's day, Woden's day, Thor's day, Frigg's day, Saturn's day. But what may not have been taught us (lest the truth of convention be mixed up with other sorts of truth, and neatness unsettled) is that the period of a "day"

has not by any means always and everywhere extended from midnight to midnight, and that the seven-fold group of days making a week has in many times and places not existed at all.

In the view of Ptolemy, a day began at noon. It expired and a new day began at noon twenty-four hours later. What day is it? We say one thing. Ptolemy said another. The Chaldeans would have thought either reckoning outrageous, for they held it an evident truth that day begins at sunrise. Could we involve ancient Italians or Bohemians in the discussion, the argument indeed could become a four-way dispute; for in their view of the truth it was manifest that a day starts at sunset. What day is it? It is what day we say it is and agree to call it. There are not any days in nature, or hours or seasons. There is only the Now, looked at from this or that particular creaturely angle.

As to the week . . . well, the Egyptians started a week on Saturday, and the persecuted Jews fleeing from Egypt, in their rage and detestation, accordingly agreed to make Saturday the *last* day of the week. But the Greeks, the Greeks simply lived weekless. They never bunched the days in sevens at all. They lived their days in no sense of that compartmenting. What week is it? A Greek might have listened to the question with his jaw dropped, as if he had been asked how fast is a triangle.

WHAT TIME is it now, in what we call the February of this twelve-moonth that we call the nineteen hundred and fifty-third? By calendar-truth, by conventional truth, the time is winter. By a more radical truth, of the sort to which a naturalist might give his allegiance, the time is spring. The gray squirrels are mating, in the leafless top of the old oak. The house sparrows are building their nest of scraps and strawy litter in a crevice over in the old barn. There are many snow buntings, restless now, making their way gradually northward, even though bitter gales still blow and the snow flies stinging. By calendar-truth, winter. By nature-truth, spring. And in terms of the Absolute, the ultimate, *sub specie aeternitatis*? Come now, let us not split our skulls.

The truth of conventional time is serviceable enough. What we say are the seasons will mostly serve nicely. But the fact that there are

several sorts of truth does come in-rushing upon a naturalist often in this time-matter. When is spring? When may he safely write his spring article, without striking a lot of readers as premature and perhaps paradoxical? What shall be his acceptable signal for the season? He may think to himself, as was thought when this writing now was first in mind, that probably he may most safely set the date of spring by the bloomings and blossomings outdoors. It is surely spring when the poplars shake their tassels and bloodroot comes into bloom beside the brook. And then suddenly a fact may pop into his mind, and it is enough to set him holding his head in his hands and brooding on Einstein, Millikan, and Dunne's experiments.

He may think of the witch hazel, that lovely wild shrub whose delicate flowerings are the very spirit of bloom and birth. He may think of the date of that springtime. The witch hazel blooms in November.



» "We should always remember that human freedom is not a gift to man: it is an achievement by man, and, as it was gained by vigilance and struggle, so it may be lost by indifference and supineness."
— Hon. Harry F. Byrd, in his California speech, December 5, 1951.

Nearly Everybody Wants to Get Into the



BY HARRY JENNANT AND SCOTT HERSHEY

BEHIND every postage stamp you lick, especially commemorative stamps, is more than a bad taste on your tongue. Behind each stamp is careful selection of theme, design, color, and in many cases a full-blown propaganda effort.

One of the powers which Arthur E. Summerfield, Postmaster General in the new Eisenhower Cabinet, inherits is the sole authority to determine the issuance of special stamps. Summerfield probably has never given the matter a thought, but he had better start in because he will receive between 4,000 and 5,000 requests in the next year for special issues.

From these 4,000 or 5,000 requests, the Postmaster General finally will be left with about a dozen from which he will make his final selections.

These generally follow a patriotic trend, commemorate an historical event, such as the anniversary of the admission of states, or have an educational background. The retiring Postmaster General, Jesse M. Donaldson, has announced four commemorative stamps for issuance in the early part of 1953. The subject matter of these

covers: the National Guard, Ohio Statehood, Washington Territory, and the Louisiana Purchase. The retiring Postmaster General said the remainder of the program for the year will be left for decision by the new Postmaster General.

As regards color, that is a matter of personal taste of the Postmaster General.

One of the selections which the retiring Postmaster General made proved to be an all-time best seller—a three-cent North Atlantic Treaty Organization stamp—issued on April 4, 1952, to commemorate the third anniversary of the signing of the North Atlantic Treaty.

Technically, the stamp is 0.75 by 0.87 inch in dimension, arranged vertically, printed by the rotary process, perforated magically by electric-eye machines, and issued in sheets of 100. The color is purple. Since the stamp was of the ordinary size, it was supplied postmasters in lieu of the regular three-cent stamp of the presidential series (Jefferson).

The Post Office Department wasn't quite prepared for what happened. Three billion—3,000,000,000—NATO stamps were printed by

the rotary process, and within six months every last one of them had been snapped up by stamp collectors and souvenir savers, and mostly by people who just wanted to mail a letter and got a NATO stamp when they went to the Post Office.

The only stamp that ever outsold the NATO issue was the George Washington Bicentennial stamp issued in 1932. Postmasters sold four billion of those, but the difference is that the George Washington Bicentennial, which also replaced a regular issue, was a two-cent job — remember when you could send a letter for two cents? — and it took a year to get rid of them all.

DURING the last fiscal year, the Post Office Department issued approximately 14 billion, 700 million ordinary-issue stamps — including the NATO three billion — and one billion, 200 million commemorative stamps. The NATO issue was strictly a best-seller.

The central design of the stamp depicts a torch, symbolizing freedom and peace, being held aloft in human hands, representing the strength and cooperation of united North Atlantic Treaty Organization members. A portion of the world serves as a supporting base for the arms and the torch. The wording "North Atlantic Treaty Organization" in dark Gothic forms the top of the stamp. Directly above the flame of the torch the letters "NATO" appear in bold, dark Gothic. In a

dark panel forming the bottom of the stamp are the words "Peace. Strength. Freedom," also in white-faced Gothic. All this, of course, is from the Post Office Department's official notice.

Incidentally, the NATO stamp was one of thirteen commemorative issues during 1952. The others — all three-cent jobs — were: red Betsy Ross; green 4-H Clubs; blue B. & O. R.R.; blue A.A.A.; green Grand Coulee; blue Lafayette; green Mount Rushmore; blue Civil Engineers; blue Armed Services; purple Gutenberg; purple Newspaperboys and blue and red International Red Cross.

The foregoing list gives an indication of the widely varied subjects which make their appearances on our stamps. And behind almost every commemorative issue is a propaganda program, sometimes subtle, sometimes less so.

For example: Secretary of State Dean Acheson, realizing the propaganda importance of the commemorative stamp, last year suggested to the Postmaster General that the NATO stamp would serve a good purpose. The government went into action and brought the stamp out in time for the third anniversary celebration of the Organization.

After the stamp was printed, U. S. Ambassadors to non-Iron Curtain countries presented in person sheets of the stamp autographed by President Truman to the Chiefs of State. The State Department, like the Post

Office, realized that these stamps would have wide circulation and after a year of steady use would make an impression on the public.

The State Department apparently was unperturbed about whether Iron Curtain countries would halt the stamp at their borders, as the Germans did when mail with stamps depicting Victory was not delivered to prisoners of war. Propaganda stamps from the Soviet satellites are widely used on mail which is delivered in the United States.

Since Russia has gained political control over many countries in Europe, these nations have issued a steady stream of stamps reaffirming their friendship with Russia. In many instances, it is apparent that the plates used by one Iron Curtain country, praising Russia, have merely been shifted to another country in the orbit and the stamps reissued under another color.

THE State Department has taken notice of a stamp recently issued by Poland, the theme of which is the outlawing of the atomic bomb. Czechoslovakia, once a great stamp-collecting country, outshines all others propagandizing Russian achievements through stamp issues. For example, they recently issued a stamp commemorating Solidarity of Fighters against Fascism.

East Germany emphasized its friendliness to Communist China last year with a stamp which pointed up land redistribution in China.

Generally the theme of praise for Soviet Russia depicts the Dove of Peace, marching soldiers, youth conferences, and constant references to Lenin in various poses.

An example of our own propaganda efforts in the international field is the Overrun Countries Commemorative Series, issue of 1943-44, depicting the flags of these nations — Poland, Norway, The Netherlands, France, Yugoslavia, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Luxemburg, Belgium, Greece, Albania, Denmark and Korea.

On the lighter side, the United States has issued stamps glorifying the National Recovery Administration, Boulder Dam, the nation's railroads in general (a special one for the Baltimore and Ohio), steamship lines, the telegraph industry, the motion picture industry, the poultry industry, volunteer firemen, the American Bankers Association, railroad engineers, and the Boy Scouts.

Samuel Gompers, late president of the American Federation of Labor, seems to be the leading labor figure immortalized on stamps. Two Negroes have been honored, George Washington Carver and Booker T. Washington.

In the animal kingdom, the ox, the horse on the Pony Express stamp, and the buffalo have helped carry the mail.

About one hundred bills are introduced in each session of Congress to authorize issuance of commemora-

tive stamps — mostly of a local character. However, these bills, in the past few years, have died in committee, largely because the final decision on such matters is left to the Postmaster General. The Congressmen, in introducing these bills, realize they have little chance of passage, and in most instances they introduce the legislation merely to discharge a duty for the voters back home.

COMMEMORATIVE issues of the past ten years include such widely divorced subjects as stamps to commemorate: the first transcontinental railroad; the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the steamship *Savannah*, the first steam-propelled vessel to cross the Atlantic; the 100th anniversary of the first message transmitted by electric telegraph; the Philippine defenders at Corregidor; the 50th anniversary of motion pictures; Smithsonian Institution's 100th anniversary; 100th anniversary of the birth of Thomas A. Edison; anniversaries of various national parks and monuments; the four Chaplains who sacrificed their lives in the sinking of the *S.S. Dorchester*; 100 years of progress of American women; William Allen White; Salute to Youth; 100th anniversary of the poultry industry.

Others included stamps for the Rough Riders, Will Rogers, the Wright Brothers, and many historical and educational events of varying degrees of importance.

The commemorative issues are only a small part of the stamps issued during a year — the total last year being 22 billion — which, the Post Office figures, if laid one stamp wide, would extend 66,000 miles beyond the moon and, if placed in sheets of 100, would make 128 stacks the height of the Washington Monument.

The Post Office Department estimated that it takes 243 carloads of ink, 600 tons of gum and 1,160 tons of paper to produce the stamps for one year. Incidentally, the Post Office Department does not encourage its employees to collect stamps, just as banks don't encourage their employees to collect coins.

There are from 10 to 15 million stamp collectors in the United States. But we are still behind European countries in this fascinating and most democratic of all hobbies, which brings the wealthy with their fabulous collections in contact with those who collect their stamps out of wastebaskets and the office mail.

The most famous, and most spectacularly successful, of all modern collectors, of course, was the late President Roosevelt, who throughout his 13 years in the White House received the first full page of each new issue run off the presses.

As the President's philatelic fame spread, his foreign collection swelled even more than the domestic, with gifts and new issues pouring in from all parts of the world. Many a canny foreign government discovered that

the quickest way into the Rooseveltian heart — and eventually the U. S. Treasury — was simply to knock out a couple of new commemorative issues and send their Ambassador trotting to the White House with some full sheets for the President.

Which recalls one of the thousands of commemorative requests that

died a-borning. A few days after Roosevelt's most effective speech in the 1944 campaign, a group of dog lovers formally asked the Postmaster General to authorize a new stamp issue commemorating the President's "little dog, Fala." The design suggested: a Scottie rampant, on the deck of a battleship.



» Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state of persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations — entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigour, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad . . . freedom of religion; freedom of the press; freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus; and trial by juries impartially selected — these principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation.

— *Thomas Jefferson*
(FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS)

Tilly's Profitable Romance

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ BY TAMARA ANDREEVA

THIS is the story of a beautiful Redhead who has had a lifelong romance with a tomato. It brought her wealth, fame, and the presidency of an immensely successful business enterprise which she pulled up by its bootstraps to be the fifth largest vegetable cannery in the U. S.

It brought a new crop to America and seemingly permanent prosperity to the farmers of a California valley. It brought jobs to as many as 3,100 people during the cannery's peak season. It brought a testimonial dinner in her honor by her fellow citizens of Stockton, California; a resolution of acclaim by the California State Senate; and an insertion in the *Congressional Record* recognizing her achievements.

All this was accomplished from scratch by a petite, Titian-haired woman with a razor-sharp brain and the courage and determination to put it to work.

The story is a peculiarly American romance, because it probably could not have happened in any other country on the globe. It began in Brooklyn when 15-year-old Myrtle Ehrlich quit high school to go to work for a wholesale grocer. There she met the pomodoro — a pear-

shaped tomato imported from Italy. Many years and many obstacles later, it was to carry her to the presidency of Flotill Products, Inc., a concern whose 20 canned products are nationally known and ring up better than \$20 million a year in sales.

Tilly married her boss, the wholesale grocer, who was twice her tender age; but she didn't stay with either him or the grocery business very long. She got a divorce and became a "customers' woman" in Wall Street, where she acquired a keen understanding of finance.

That summer Tilly sailed for Naples, ostensibly on a vacation, but with definite plans for surveying the conditions which made Italy's climate so favorable for growing pomodoros. On board ship she met Florindo del Gaizo, the largest importer of Italian tomatoes to this country. Tilly immediately became thrilled and curious about del Gaizo's business and the profits he made by selling more than 700,000 cases of pomodoros in America every year.

Signor del Gaizo explained that the pomodoro grew magnificently around Naples, but nowhere else

in the world. He described it as strictly an Italian export which, because of its tartness, held up better in canning and cooking than the American variety.

"Maybe I'll grow it in America some day," Tilly proposed prophetically, but del Gaizo laughed.

TILLY returned from Italy and settled down to her broker's job without further plans for transplanting the tomato. Then, in 1934, Congress suddenly slapped a 50% tariff on pomodoro imports. Tilly got the news over her Wall Street ticker. It sounded like opportunity beckoning for a gal who already had plenty of business experience and enough vision to see profitable domestic production of pomodoros in her future.

The odds were stacked against the vegetable in this country. No one believed Italian tomatoes could be grown here. Scientists, chemists, farmers and tomato importers said they wanted no part in the plan. Tilly mustered up her ambition and pent-up energy to meet the challenge of these negative responses and came up with a formula: the right climate, some financial backing, and God's help would bring the pomodoro to America.

With plenty of determination, Tilly started looking for the right place to plant. She wanted a spot accessible to both rail and marine transportation and with a climate similar to that of Naples. She also

needed a canning factory nearby.

All these things she found around the dusty little cow town of Stockton, California. Undistinguished in every other way, Stockton offered a deep-water harbor, two major railroads, 287 days per year of active crop-growing weather; and numerous small, independent vegetable farmers. Stockton also had a small, inactive packing plant.

Tilly proceeded to promote the advantages of growing pomodoros to the farmers. They volunteered only shrugs. Even to try growing that freak, they told her, they wanted their money in advance. She went to del Gaizo and asked for some quick financing. Impressed with her missionary zeal, he advanced ten thousand dollars.

With only this small investment Tilly leased Stockton's cannery and bought enough pomodoro seeds for growing 200,000 boxes of tomatoes. She found three farmers who were willing to plant the Italian tomato, gave them seeds and promised to buy their crop. The farmers, however, were so hypnotized by their own predictions of failure that they did not live up to their contract and planted only enough for 700 boxes.

This heartbreaking setback would have discouraged a more seasoned packer, but it only spurred Tilly to higher goals. She was convinced the pomodoro would pay off if only she could give the growers enough incentive to interest them in steady

production. She knew a larger canning plant with a steady, year-around demand for pomodoros would provide that incentive. Tilly again took her plans to del Gaizo. Convinced she was no ordinary girl, del Gaizo invested an additional \$50,000 and sent over some packing machinery from his plant in Naples.

On November 13, 1935, Tilly's birthday, she opened her first plant in Stockton. She christened the business Flotill Products, Inc., a combination of her name and Florindo del Gaizo's. Commemorating the casual manner in which this unusual partnership was sealed, the Flotill crest bears the pictures of a champagne glass and a sprig of pomodoros.

AT LAST Tilly and the egg-shaped tomato were off to a fine start. But if Tilly knew tomatoes, she still had a lot to learn about canning machinery. Her ignorance almost proved fatal as her first crop went into the canning vats and pressure cookers. One of the largest cookers choked up and quit cold.

With the cooker out of action Flotill faced ruin. There was little hope for repairing it in time to save a whole crop of tomatoes from rotting. In despair Tilly drove out into the country for a good cry. Far off in the distance a locomotive wailed as if in sympathy. Its mournful cry gave her an idea and new hope.

Racing back to her Stockton plant, she telephoned the railroad. Tearfully, she explained the failure of the cookers. She had more than her own investment at stake, she argued. The future of her workers hung in the balance. Would the railroad help by constructing a temporary spur to her plant for a locomotive under a full head of steam? Piped into the cooker, the steam would save Flotill's crop.

Hungry for the new freight business Tilly might provide if she succeeded with her cannery, the railroad rushed the spur to completion and sent her the auxiliary steam plant.

That was 18 years ago, when San Joaquin County didn't even rate among the first 50 tomato-growing counties in the agricultural census. Today it leads the nation's tomato production, and Flotill Products ranks fifth among the canning concerns of the country. Last year it paid out more than \$4 million in wages and salaries and over \$7 million to hundreds of vegetable farmers, who affectionately call its president "Our Tilly."

Their affection and admiration is well deserved, for Tilly's success came almost single-handed. Two years after the start of Flotill, her good friend Florindo died. Tilly borrowed \$100,000 from a bank to buy out his share and his brother's. Flotill became all hers.

She launched an ambitious expansion program. A huge warehouse,

additional railroad spurs, and a chemical lab were built. Always on the lookout for more modern and rapid operation, Tilly designed and installed the first fruit-packing conveyor belt used in the San Joaquin Valley. Her design now is used by every major packer and canner in the valley.

Mechanical improvement was only part of her program. She hired a chemist and put him to work on research to cut down industrial waste. She added asparagus to her canning line (at the moment Flotill has 20 products and 79 different types, all nationally distributed) and started looking for a market for asparagus butts, up to then a by-product of asparagus canning customarily thrown out to rot.

With help from the Western Regional Research Laboratory in Albany, California, Tilly discovered that the asparagus pulp could be used for growing penicillin cultures and as fiber in cardboard production.

In the meantime she built a sister plant in Modesto, 30 miles away, and a second plant in Stockton. As the Flotill line expanded to include all vegetables and fruits, except citrus and pineapple, its volume climbed steadily to four million cans a year. Its facilities now permit Tilly to accept outside commissions, such as canning for other large concerns, or packaging 70,000 combat rations daily on special assignment for the Army.

Perhaps the best evidence of the prosperity Tilly brought to San Joaquin Valley is the increase in planted acreage since 1935. Before Tilly hit Stockton, 6,000 acres was the maximum planting. Now 17,000 acres is barely enough, even with tomato crops averaging seven tons to the acre.

TO THE newspapers Tilly is "Queen of the Pomodoro," but to personal friends who know her well she is a queen in other, more subtle, feminine ways. In her middle forties with pleasant curves she takes no trouble to conceal, she appears much taller in high heels than her five-foot-four. She pays meticulous attention to her clothes. They are simple, well cut and expensive.

Tilly wears no jewelry except a three-strand necklace of Oriental pearls which goes well with the cool grays and whites to which she is addicted. Her only other frivolities are a huge emerald-cut diamond guard ring and a watch set in baguette diamonds. She has never changed her hair-do since high school days—it is a simple, side-part page-boy with two small combs placed strategically over each temple.

The jewelry she does wear is so much a part of her uniform that she keeps it on even when peeling potatoes in her own kitchen. An exceptionally good cook, Tilly likes to entertain friends with informal

candlelight dinners which she prepares according to her own recipes. Her invitations are prized in Stockton because her guests know from experience that there's something special on the menu when Tilly entertains.

Possessed of an orderly brain and cool courage, Tilly on the job is not fazed by any problem. She works until each is solved to her satisfaction. Her unusual batting average might have made anyone else insufferably conceited, but she merely is sure of her worth. She will not tolerate interference, and no one dares to address her by her first name except the plant janitor, who barges into her office any time he feels like it to talk to her as if she were his own daughter. This sentimental streak disappears when she has to deal with anyone who tries to rule or dictate. Tilly does not blow up or lose her head. She smiles easily, even when discussing the thorniest management problem, but can beat the arguments of seasoned executives with her well-aimed sarcasm.

TILLY's second marriage is typical of her entire success pattern — another crisis with a happy ending. In 1939, when the AFL Cannery Workers' Union called a wave of strikes in the West Coast canning industry, Tilly's plant was on its list. She appealed to Meyer Lewis, then western director of AFL, to help prevent a walkout and to

bargain for an amicable settlement. As he later related, he did not want to meet her. He expected to be faced with a dried-up prune "who had inherited a canning plant and did not know how to run it."

He came to visit and found a beautiful redhead, with appealing brown eyes, behind a huge mahogany desk. His tour of the plant showed how fairly and efficiently things were running. The employees had an incentive plan; steady raises; a nursery; and a housing development in the making. The strike threat quickly disappeared. Lewis liked the set-up so much that he accepted the job Tilly later offered him as plant manager. He worked at it for eight years, always admiring Tilly from a distance. In 1948 it got to be more than platonic admiration, and they were married.

At home Tilly is the relaxed, laughing, happy woman every husband likes around the house. She never plays boss and there is a deep mutual respect between her and Meyer. Knitting, collecting antiques and books, and seeing good plays are her interests outside the plant. She is a connoisseur of the Victorian period. But not all her pastimes are highbrow. She is not averse to betting a generous buck on the ponies — the only kind of risk that baffles her. The odds, she will tell you, are just too big.

Marriage by no means ended Tilly's business career. She and Meyer arrive at the plant together

at six. In separate offices they read the correspondence, dictate mail and supervise company activities. Tilly has no intention of deserting the business that put San Joaquin Valley on the map and rewarded her with more than a million dollars in less than 20 years.

A year or so ago she was chosen "Woman of the Year" in the poll of the Associated Press women's page editors, the first woman in the canning industry to be so honored.

The local citizenry not only is proud of her as a pioneer with the Italian tomato, but also sees her as an expression of an American

principle and a symbol of security; tagging on the heels of her personal success are jobs which valley families have come to depend on. It's little wonder then, that Stockton honored her with a testimonial dinner.

Afraid of the future? Fearful that that the frontiers of opportunity are closing in America for a gal who has the initiative to do a man's job and like it? Not Tilly. Here's her prediction for Flotill's prospects this year:

"God willing (her pet phrase), we should do better than \$25 million this year and we're planning for a definite increase in volume."



» We are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature has placed in our power . . . The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

— Patrick Henry

THE SOVIET *fear* OF THE LAW

BY JOHN LINEHAN

ON JULY 8, 1952 the Iron Curtain was pulled down behind Dr. Walter Linse. Assaulted on his way to work at the Free Jurists' Committee headquarters in West Berlin, he was dragged into a stolen taxi which evaded pursuers and sped him into East Berlin. Communist papers boasting that "American agent" Linse had been silenced also crowed that "no war agent is safe whether he is in West Berlin, Paris, or Washington."

More recently, Dr. Linse, a German lawyer-economist, has been located and recognized in a Soviet Zone prison, held under a different name. His abductors have been identified as four ex-criminals released from Soviet Zone jails for agreeing to a Communist-paid kidnapping ring. Despite these known facts, protests made by German officials and by U. S. High Commissioner John McCloy and his successor, Walter Donnelly, have met with bland evasions from General Vasily Chuikov, the Soviet Control Commissioner, who has "never heard of the victim." On December 11, Mr. Donnelly sent a food package addressed to Dr. Linse

in care of Chuikov's office. The Christmas package was returned on December 13 stamped "Missing."

To the Investigating Committee of Free Jurists, a lawyers' organization for which Dr. Linse worked, his abduction was a tragic compliment and a reminder that its leader and founder, Dr. Theo Friedenau, is still at large and still hitting the Soviet system with what it fears the most — the law. His American war agency is a legal-aid society supported by private contributions and help from the West Berlin and West German governments, and founded to protect German victims from Soviet tyranny. The committee, collecting information about everything that happens in Eastern Germany, catalogues the injustices of Soviet Zone officials and sends them letters of warning which inhibit them from committing further acts that would be punished in a society more mindful of human rights.

Dr. Friedenau's basic idea is simple. This slim, dapper, forty-two-year-old lawyer believes that the Soviets want most to avoid advertisement of the fact that they must

break their own laws in order to carry through with their various 'democratic reforms' (in East Germany and other satellites). This is a fact which the Jurists' Committee advertises daily. The Soviets, unable to find in the countries they have occupied a sufficient number of Communist idealists who might have generated an illusion of enthusiasm for their system, have had to resort to the same terroristic methods the Nazis used to prevent liberty lovers from rebelling.

The Nuremberg trials, Friedenau says, were set up too late to prevent the Nazis from committing injustices while their system was in power. No individual Nazi ever believed that he would be blamed directly for a "mass" crime that had been "ordered" from above. The Friedenau method — which is so effective in curbing injustices under the terror system by recording and publicizing crimes as they are committed by puppets in Soviet Germany today — refuses to accept any but individual responsibility for such abuses. The data, collected in advance, facilitate future convictions of individual official lawbreakers. This very threat of future trial inhibits the nervous East German Communist from acting unjustly. Thus, such lawlessness becomes less flagrant.

AS THE FAME of Dr. Friedenau's idea has spread, increasing numbers of East Zone residents visit the

Jurists' rambling, Tudor-style mansion in West Berlin's residential section of Dahlem, requesting the aid of the lawyers. Typical of the visitors was a farmer who recently appeared to report that his 5,000 hens had died of disease and he was not able to fulfill the quota of eggs the government had demanded. His local comptroller had told him to buy the eggs, retail, at fifty pfennings and resell them to the government at nine pfennings each to provide his quota. This the farmer could not do because he had no money. The comptroller had threatened him with the loss of his farm if he did not meet the quota.

At Jurist headquarters his advisor told the farmer to return to his home in the Zone and await developments. To check on the comptroller's past record, the advisor consulted committee files that contain more than 20,000 histories of major and minor Soviet Zone officials and active members of the East German Communist Party. Since no previous inhumanity had been recorded beside his name, the former blamelessness of his now dirty record was mentioned in the letter of warning which was sent to the comptroller immediately. The letter explained that he would be tried in court in the future for doing an injustice. To avoid retaliation on the farmer, the injustice itself was not named. Duplicates of the letter were mailed to the comptroller's neighbors and bosses to warn and inform them

that he was about to commit a crime and was no longer to be trusted. Such notoriety, the accepted and well-known Jurist procedure, has often resulted in public humiliation and harassment of a man so condemned. One such official had to move four times in two weeks to escape threats from irate fellow citizens.

As others had done before him, the comptroller reacted to the Jurist letter like John Silver receiving the Black Spot. Fearing to appear in West Berlin, where he might be arrested, he sent his wife to find out what he had done and to explain that his bosses had forced him into it. Knowing well that the Jurists do not recognize such evasion of responsibility, he wished to keep his record clean by not committing the crime. When the farm expert was convinced of the comptroller's sincerity, he named the inhumanity. Shortly afterwards charges against the farmer were dropped.

FOR SUCH A GUILTY OFFICIAL a Jurist letter is more than an invitation to local ostracism, and he knows it. His day of trial before a court need not await the extermination of the Soviet system but might befall him at any time. No Soviet Zone official knows when intrigue, personal jealousy, charges of political divergency, or an official search for scapegoats for inefficiency such as that which led to the recent anti-Jewish purge in Czechoslovakia,

might make it advisable for him to flee to the political refuge of West Berlin. Gone are the days when recanting Communists were joyously welcomed into the Western fold. If he is under Jurist indictment, his name is on wanted lists in Western police stations. West Berlin and West German courts now recognize the Jurists' testimony as semiofficial evidence. An official guilty of East German crimes must, he knows, stand trial immediately in a West German court. He would still choose to flee to free Berlin, where at least he would be granted an honest trial such as the Soviets would not give him. But because no one looks forward to going to prison, a condemned official generally curtails his abuses before he will accept a Jurist black mark.

In many cases such a letter from the Jurists has led an official to confess that working for the Soviets has been a moral torture and that he wants to join Friedenau in his fight for justice. While Friedenau believes that top-ranking East German leaders have records too black ever to be washed, those of secondary rank can often be usefully recruited. Those with crimes against them already retain their Communist positions and act as watchers for the Jurists, with the understanding that if they ever seek refuge in Berlin the lawyers will defend them and plead for clemency at their trials.

Ever vigilantly on the lookout for further inhumanities, the watchers

in the Zone now number more than 64,000 people. Besides former offenders who are working their way toward atonement, the invisible, nonviolent army includes former victims, like the farmer, whose work expresses their gratitude for Jurist aid. The rest are ordinary people who loathe the Soviets and volunteer for service as compensation for being forced to cry, "I love Stalin," and "Stalin is my friend."

No Soviet Zone secret can be kept from these volunteer watchers who permeate every office, school, and plant—even the parliament and the East German cabinet itself. Silent, inconspicuous, unknown to each other, they pass all useful information to headquarters by coded letter or through surreptitious meetings somewhere in West Berlin. As Dr. Friedenau points out, no man will steal an apple if he knows someone is looking over his shoulder. Soviet officials, all too aware of the unseen presence, are inhibited and terrified. They are powerless to identify or get rid of the watchers. In purges they seize other Communists more often than the men they want.

AS A RESULT of the network's vigilance in identifying the initiators, the Jurists' committee has been able to prevent passage of several oppressive laws. An excessive tax measure was dropped. Even the Soviet plan to socialize lawyers, a move designed to escape Jurists' condemnation

of each of them individually, had to be abandoned when the committee exposed it and ridiculed it in advance. Hundreds of people have been saved from concentration camps, and other hundreds have received shortened sentences from judges who no longer dared decide otherwise, thanks to being watched.

As the committee has grown more effective and renowned, its work has increased. Dr. Friedenau, who had had a minor role in the plot to overthrow Hitler in 1944, practised law in Silesia after the war and soon found that the Soviets there were as unjust as the Nazis had been. After his first resistance group was scattered when the Soviets learned of their meetings, he went to Berlin and, with his own money, established a magazine called *Resistance*. Slowly, his idea of fighting Soviet illegality caught on. In 1949, when he had only one assistant, five persons a day began trickling into his Berlin home for aid. In 1950 and 1951 daily visitors increased to 150, then to 180. Now the number is between 250 and 280, and rising. The Jurist staff has expanded to more than eighty full-time workers, most of whom were previously volunteer watchers in the zone, each an authority on his former locality. Thirty of them are lawyers. Most of the others are experts in such fields as banking, taxes, agriculture, labor, engineering, industry, and religion.

Dr. Friedenau believes that the people in East Germany and other

Soviet satellites want neither policies nor propaganda. Hitler and Stalin gave them both. They need help in helping themselves, not to a better standard of living, for they can live without bananas, but to the peace of mind which the Soviets have denied them. In feudal times, Friedenau says, tyranny was at least localized to individual rulers who could be blamed for injustices, prevailed upon to change, or threatened with rebellion. Present totalitarian systems, the worst in history, have been massive, impenetrable, and cleverly collective. With the whole government against the people there is no one to attack. Through pinpointing blame the Jurists are breaking down the screen of collectivity that protects individual wrongdoers.

Dedicated watchers in the Zone, rallying around the outside help

of the organization in Free Berlin, believe they are working for their own salvation and not for Western countries. They have seen and they believe that such resistance prevents further injustice. At the same time this vigilance makes all Soviet Zoners safer than no resistance at all, for lack of it would lead to increased abuses by the masters. To watchers and Jurists, the idea is worth the danger.

Dr. Linse, the "American war agent," has behind him a sturdy group which he helped to build and which no tyranny can stop. For the Soviet Zone official who oversteps time-proven and internationally respected laws, a letter from Dr. Friedenau is a sharp reminder that his day of reckoning is not some nebulous date in the future but may well be tomorrow.



» It is a curious fact that in bad days we can very vividly recall the good time that is now no more; but that in good days we have only a very cold and imperfect memory of the bad. — *Arthur Schopenhauer*

EMPEROR *or* PEASANT

A LITTLE WHILE AGO, I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon — a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity — and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon — I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris — I saw him at the head of the army of Italy — I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tricolor in his hand — I saw him in Egypt in the shadows of the pyramids — I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo — at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster — driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris — clutched like a wild beast — banished to Elba. I saw him escape and

retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where Chance and Fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made — of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky — with my children upon my knees and their arms about me — I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder, known as "Napoleon the Great."

— Robert Ingersoll

The Federalist Papers

JOHN JAY



*To the People of the
State of New York:*

It is a just and not a new observation, that enemies to particular persons, and opponents to particular measures, seldom confine their censures to such things only in either as are worthy of blame. Unless on this principle, it is difficult to explain the motives of their conduct, who condemn the proposed Constitution in the aggregate, and treat with severity some of the most unexceptionable articles in it.

The second section gives power to the President, "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate,

to make treaties, *provided two-thirds of the senators present concur.*"

The power of making treaties is an important one, especially as it relates to war, peace, and commerce; and it should not be delegated but in such a mode, and with such precautions, as will afford the highest security that it will be exercised by men the best qualified for the purpose, and in the manner most conducive to the public good. The convention appears to have been attentive to both these points; they have directed the President to be chosen by select bodies of electors, to be deputed by the people for that express purpose; and they have committed the appointment of senators to the State legislatures. This mode has, in such cases, vastly the advantage of elections by the people in their collective capacity, where the activity of party zeal, taking advantage of the supineness, the ignorance, and the hopes and fears of the unwary and interested, often places men in office by the votes of a small proportion of the electors.

As the select assemblies for choosing the President, as well as the State

Probably the finest commentary on the principles upon which our government was founded, is the group of essays written by Alexander Hamilton, John Jay and James Monroe Madison, known as the Federalist Papers. To the Editors of MERCURY, they seem as appropriate today as they were 165 years ago, when the debate over the adoption of the Constitution was at fever heat. THE MERCURY will reprint selected essays from the Federalist Papers in its coming issues.

legislatures who appoint the senators, will in general be composed of the most enlightened and respectable citizens, there is reason to presume that their attention and their votes will be directed to those men only who have become the most distinguished by their abilities and virtue, and in whom the people perceive just grounds for confidence. The Constitution manifests very particular attention to this object. By excluding men under thirty-five from the first office, and those under thirty from the second, it confines the electors to men of whom the people have had time to form a judgment, and with respect to whom they will not be liable to be deceived by those brilliant appearances of genius and patriotism, which like transient meteors, sometimes mislead as well as dazzle. If the observation be well founded, that wise kings will always be served by able ministers, it is fair to argue, that as an assembly of select electors possess, in a greater degree than kings, the means of extensive and accurate information relative to men and characters, so will their appointments bear at least equal marks of discretion and discernment. The inference which naturally results from these considerations is this, that the President and senators so chosen will always be of the number of those who best understand our national interests, whether considered in relation to the several States or to foreign nations, who are best able to pro-

mote those interests, and whose reputation for integrity inspires and merits confidence. With such men the power of making treaties may be safely lodged.

Although the absolute necessity of system, in the conduct of any business, is universally known and acknowledged, yet the high importance of it in national affairs has not yet become sufficiently impressed on the public mind. They who wish to commit the power under consideration to a popular assembly, composed of members constantly coming and going in quick succession, seem not to recollect that such a body must necessarily be inadequate to the attainment of those great objects, which require to be steadily contemplated in all their relations and circumstances, and which can only be approached and achieved by measures which not only talents, but also exact information, and often much time, are necessary to concert and to execute. It was wise, therefore, in the convention to provide, not only that the power of making treaties should be committed to able and honest men, but also that they should continue in place a sufficient time to become perfectly acquainted with our national concerns, and to form and introduce a system for the management of them. The duration prescribed is such as will give them an opportunity of greatly extending their political information, and of rendering their accumulating experience more and more beneficial

to their country. Nor has the convention discovered less prudence in providing for the frequent elections of senators in such a way as to obviate the inconvenience of periodically transferring those great affairs entirely to new men; for by leaving a considerable residue of the old ones in place, uniformity and order, as well as a constant succession of official information, will be preserved.

There are a few who will not admit that the affairs of trade and navigation should be regulated by a system cautiously formed and steadily pursued; and that both our treaties and our laws should correspond with and be made to promote it. It is of much consequence that this correspondence and conformity be carefully maintained; and they who assent to the truth of this position will see and confess that it is well provided for by making concurrence of the Senate necessary both to treaties and to laws.

It seldom happens in the negotiation of treaties, of whatever nature, but that perfect *secrecy* and immediate *despatch* are sometimes requisite. There are cases where the most useful intelligence may be obtained, if the persons possessing it can be relieved from apprehensions of discovery. Those apprehensions will operate on those persons whether they are actuated by mercenary or friendly motives; and there doubtless are many of both descriptions, who would rely on the secrecy of the President, but

who would not confide in that of the Senate, and still less in that of a large popular Assembly. The convention have done well, therefore, in so disposing of the power of making treaties, that although the President must, in forming them, act by the advice and consent of the Senate, yet he will be able to manage the business of intelligence in such a manner as prudence may suggest.

They who have turned their attention to the affairs of men, must have perceived that there are tides in them; tides very irregular in their duration, strength, and direction, and seldom found to run twice exactly in the same manner or measure. To discern and to profit by these tides in national affairs is the business of those who preside over them; and they who have had much experience on this head inform us, that there frequently are occasions when days, nay, even when hours, are precious. The loss of a battle, the death of a prince, the removal of a minister, or other circumstances intervening to change the present posture and aspect of affairs, may turn the most favorable tide into a course opposite to our wishes. As in the field, so in the cabinet, there are moments to be seized as they pass, and they who preside in either should be left in capacity to improve them. So often and so essentially have we heretofore suffered from the want of secrecy and despatch, that the Constitution would have been inexcusably defective, if no atten-

tion had been paid to those objects. Those matters which in negotiations usually require the most secrecy and the most despatch, are those preparatory and auxiliary measures which are not otherwise important in a national view, than as they tend to facilitate the attainment of the objects of the negotiation. For these, the President will find no difficulty to provide; and should any circumstance occur which requires the advice and consent of the Senate, he may at any time convene them. Thus we see that the Constitution provides that our negotiations for treaties shall have every advantage which can be derived from talents, information, integrity, and deliberate investigations, on the one hand, and from secrecy and despatch on the other.

But to this plan, as to most others that have ever appeared, objections are contrived and urged.

Some are displeased with it, not on account of any errors or defects in it, but because, as the treaties, when made, are to have the force of laws, they should be made only by men invested with legislative authority. These gentlemen seem not to consider that the judgments of our courts, and the commissions constitutionally given by our governor, are as valid and as binding on all persons whom they concern, as the laws passed by our legislature. All constitutional acts of power, whether in the executive or in the judicial department, have as much legal valid-

ity and obligation as if they proceeded from the legislature; and therefore, whatever name be given to the power of making treaties, or however obligatory they may be when made, certain it is, that the people may, with much propriety, commit the power to a distinct body from the legislature, the executive, or the judicial. It surely does not follow, that because they have given the power of making laws to the legislature, that therefore they should likewise give them power to do every other act of sovereignty by which the citizens are to be bound and affected.

Others, though content that treaties should be made in the mode proposed, are averse to their being the *supreme* laws of the land. They insist, and profess to believe, that treaties like acts of assembly, should be repealable at pleasure. This idea seems to be new and peculiar to this country, but new errors, as well as new truths, often appear. These gentlemen would do well to reflect that a treaty is only another name for a bargain, and that it would be impossible to find a nation who would make any bargain with us, which should be binding on them *absolutely*, but on us only so long and so far as we may think proper to be bound by it. They who make laws may, without doubt, amend or repeal them; and it will not be disputed that they who make treaties may alter or cancel them; but still let us not forget that treaties are

made, not by only one of the contracting parties, but by both; and consequently, that as the consent of both was essential to their formation at first, so must it ever afterwards be to alter or cancel them. The proposed Constitution, therefore, has not in the least extended the obligation of treaties. They are just as binding, and just as far beyond the lawful reach of legislative acts now, as they will be at any future period, or under any form of government.

However useful jealousy may be in republics, yet when like bile in the natural, it abounds too much in the body politic, the eyes of both become very liable to be deceived by the delusive appearances which that malady casts on surrounding objects. From this cause, probably, proceed the fears and apprehensions of some, that the President and Senate may make treaties without an equal eye to the interests of all the States. Others suspect that two thirds will oppress the remaining third, and ask whether those gentlemen are made sufficiently responsible for their conduct; whether, if they act corruptly, they can be punished; and if they make disadvantageous treaties, how are we to get rid of those treaties?

As all the States are equally represented in the Senate, and by men the most able and the most willing to promote the interests of their constituents, they will all have an equal degree of influence in that body, especially while they continue

to be careful in appointing proper persons, and to insist on their punctual attendance. In proportion as the United States assume a national form and a national character, so will the good of the whole be more and more an object of attention, and the government must be a weak one indeed, if it should forget that the good of the whole can only be promoted by advancing the good of each of the parts or members which compose the whole. It will not be in the power of the President and Senate to make any treaties by which they and their families and estates will not be equally bound and affected with the rest of the community; and, having no private interests distinct from that of the nation, they will be under no temptations to neglect the latter.

As to corruption, the case is not supposable. He must either have been very unfortunate in his intercourse with the world, or possess a heart very susceptible of such impressions, who can think it probable that the President and two-thirds of the Senate will ever be capable of such unworthy conduct. The idea is too gross and too invidious to be entertained. But in such a case, if it should ever happen, the treaty so obtained from us would, like all other fraudulent contracts, be null and void by the law of nations.

With respect to their responsibility, it is difficult to conceive how it could be increased. Every consideration that can influence the hu-

man mind, such as honor, oaths, reputations, conscience, the love of country, and family affections and attachments, afford security for their fidelity. In short, as the Constitution has taken the utmost care that they shall be men of talents, and integrity, we have reason to be per-

suaded that the treaties they make will be as advantageous as, all circumstances considered, could be made; and so far as the fear of punishment and disgrace can operate, that motive to good behavior is amply afforded by the article on the subject of impeachments. *PUBLIUS*

From the New York Packet, Friday, March 7, 1788



» This game of self-limitation is one of the secret pleasures of life . . . It is plain on the face of the facts that the child is positively in love with limits. He uses his imagination to invent imaginary limits. The nurse and the governess have never told him that it is his moral duty to step on alternate stepping stones. He deliberately deprives the world of half its paving stones, in order to exult in a challenge that he has offered himself. I played that kind of game with myself all over the mats and boards and carpets of the house; and, at the risk of being detained during His Majesty's pleasure, I will admit that I often play it still . . .”

— *G. K. Chesterton*

Vest Pocket POST OFFICE

□□□□□□□□ BY SIDNEY FIELDS □□□□□□□□

TUCKED AWAY in a corner of New York's Chinatown is a post office which measures exactly seven feet by eight feet four inches. It is the undisputed midget of all United States mailhouses, and the smallest post office in the world.

May Que Chang, a slim, pretty matron, born in Hoy Sun, China, and educated in the City College of New York, is the Postmistress.

Directly behind the vest-pocket post office is a Confucian temple, built over 100 years ago, and one of the oldest in America. As soon as May goes through the back door of her post office she becomes the high priestess of the temple.

Nestling on the fringe of Manhattan's melting pot, the post office is the daily scene of a babel of tongues. Two out of every three customers are Chinese, but Postmistress Chang also hears Italian, Yiddish, Greek, Armenian, and Syrian.

"There are days when we even hear English too," May says.

She speaks English and Chinese fluently, and knows enough of the other tongues to understand and make herself understood for any postal problem.

In May's little domain letters are

not merely the usual after-thoughts of frenzied people. Each one is a book of hope, a strange volume of life. For May's customers write almost exclusively to the troubled spots of the world: to the fearful everywhere; the hungry in Europe, the Near East, and Asia; the dispossessed who fled to Formosa and Hongkong; and even those held for ransom by Red China.

May can call almost all of her 3,000 customers by name. When she isn't writing a letter in Chinese for an American friend or one in American for a Chinese friend, she has to stop one of her future postmasters and priests from tearing up the dollar stamps. The mischief-maker is her five-year-old son, Glenn. Her eldest son, Freddy, aged nine, has left off scattering the dollar stamps, and now helps his mother during the rush hours.

"By any count he's the youngest clerk in the U. S. Postal Service," May boasts.

May's husband, John Chang, a former GI who served for almost three years in the American infantry, now works as a television repairman. When May isn't tending her family, home or post office, she's in the temple. She lights the candles, listens

to the woes of worshippers, or beats the sacred drums and gongs, whose tremulous tones are supposed to drive off evil spirits.

For the tourists who visit the temple, high priestess May, trimly attired in slacks, describes the carvings on the two ancient altars, hands out fortune sticks, or glibly recounts a colorful Chinese legend.

"On the way out the tourists always think I run a Chinese post office," May says, "and they always want to buy Chinese stamps."

May was born in China when her mother and father went there for a visit. Her father, Ng Que, was born in California. He took over the temple when he came to New York forty-five years ago. He was appointed postmaster in 1916 by President Woodrow Wilson after the Chinese in New York protested that they could not be understood in other local stations and wanted their own post office. Ng Que must have been quite a diplomat because he remained postmaster though the three presidents following Democrat Wilson were all Republicans.

"When Roosevelt was first elected in 1932 we thought he'd certainly make a change," May says. "But my father called on an old friend, and stayed on as postmaster."

The old friend was Al Smith.

Between temple and post office Ng Que did very well by his three daughters. His youngest, Victoria, took a degree at Hunter College and is now a high school librarian and

the mother of two children. The second daughter, Gertrude, also the mother of two, holds a degree in chemistry from Brooklyn College. Her husband, an ex-Air Force pilot, was recently recalled to service, and they are now in Japan. May was starting her junior year in City College when she got married. So she settled for a "Mrs." degree instead of a "Bachelor's." As the oldest of the daughters May had always helped her father in the post office. So when he died eight years ago it was natural that she should succeed him.

EVERY DAY postal pick-up trucks make three stops at May's vest-pocket post office, and haul away at least twenty sacks of mail and packages. She sells about \$1,000 worth of stamps daily, another \$1,000 in money orders, handles 200 registered letters and over 200 packages directed to Hongkong, Formosa, Italy, Israel, Greece, the Near East, India, the Philippines, Japan, and to soldiers in Germany and Korea. The law requires the sender to declare the contents of each package.

"They contain the usual food, medicine and clothing," May says, "but they also send pots and pans, eyewash, backache plasters, corn remover, and even streptomycin for TB sufferers. Wherever there's hunger there's TB, and there's a lot of it now in Hongkong, which is swollen with refugees from China."

Most of the mail goes to Hongkong, China, and Italy. Only letters

are permitted to the Chinese mainland or other Iron Curtain countries. But unlimited amounts of money and gift packages not above \$25 in value can be sent elsewhere. Packages valued above \$25 require an export license. Mail, money, and gifts sent anywhere outside the Iron Curtain are shipped with hope and received with joy. But any letter sent through the Curtain weeps with despair and uncertainty.

"During the war the Chinese couldn't send anything to China and it was terrible," May says. "Now that mail has been restored it is worse. They don't know whether their families are alive, in prison, or dead. They can write now, but they're afraid. They want an answer, but they're afraid to get it."

Among the many who hope against hope and send a letter to China, are those who rush back to May, and faces all aglow confide like little children:

"It got there. It got there. They're alive!"

And all they have to show for such surety is a terse note from a son, daughter, brother, mother or father which reads: "We are well. We are working. There is little we need . . ." and behind every word is unwritten terror they cannot describe. Among the many who hope against hope are a multitude who never get even the terse note.

"They come in to ask me what to do," May says. "What can I tell them?" and her voice is empty.

One man, with a huge patience, who worked as a cook in a restaurant, sent his letter off to his wife and daughter, and kept returning to the post office every day thereafter, though May explained that his answer would come to his house. After a while they both knew that no answer would come any place. But May welcomed him daily, and they talked of how the mail to and from China was getting faster.

"He came in for eleven months," May says, "and on his last visit he said simply: 'My wife and daughter are gone. I will go too.' He never came back. His friends said his heart broke and he died."

SOME who wander into her office have come back from the Chinese mainland. They were allowed to leave because they are American citizens, which is the only possible way any Chinese can get out now. All who return paint the familiar picture: The two chief problems are food and taxes. There is hardly enough of the first and a super-abundance of the second. In the cities the government takes the taxes directly from wages; in the country it takes it in the farmer's crops. So neither the city worker nor the farmer loves his work. Those who return tell these things to all Chinese here, and they are appalled at those who want to return.

"But they are so desperate for some word about their wives and children they go back anyway," May

says. "I know of six who did. No one ever heard from them again."

May did hear from a few old men who went back to die peacefully in their native land when the war ended and before the Communists arrived. One of them, a man in his late sixties, returned to his wife and four children in Hoy Sun, near Canton, where May was born.

"As soon as the Communists arrived," May says, "he was called a capitalist and thrown into prison. He had been a laundryman here."

A few months ago May faced a sudden flurry of registered letters containing sums of from \$1,000 to \$3,000, and sometimes more. By the time she had handled 100 of them she had made enough inquiries to know why her poorer customers were pouring money into Red China. The Communists were systematically arresting all those who had close relatives in America. They carefully selected as victims a blood relative: wife, mother, child, brother, sister, father. The price of their freedom was a fixed ransom.

"That went on for a few months

until the American government stepped in and stopped the racket," May says. "But before they did, these poor souls would come in here weeping. 'It's my son,' they'd say, 'they'll kill him.' And most of them had to borrow the money to send over."

On at least three occasions the relative would send the ransom to China, and then a month later rush jubilantly to May with the news that the victim was finally released from prison. But a week later he would return in agony. The victim had been rearrested, and another ransom was demanded. One poor dishwasher begged and borrowed \$10 from each of 200 relatives and friends to make up a second \$2,000 ransom.

"The second ransom was always twice as large as the first," May says.

May is the focus of a sad, strange, and sometimes screwy world. But of all her tragic tasks, the most tragic is when she must face a bewildered man or woman and hand them a letter marked: "Address Unknown."



» The public doesn't require any new ideas. The public is best served by the good, old-fashioned ideas it already has.

— *Henrik Ibsen*

BOOKS IN REVIEW

THERE is a Satanic irony accompanying the reissue of an early novel by Graham Greene in the same week with that of a reprint of Frederick Baron Corvo's *Hadrian the Seventh*. Such an uncomplimentary juxtaposition of this sort happens too rarely for it to have been prearranged by either publisher or, in this instance, by a zealous avenger of Martin Luther. There is, however, no way of avoiding the fact that these two books, both by converts to Roman Catholicism, are a bit indigestible when read *in toto* as this reviewer did.

Of course, all this may be so much tumult in a thimble as far as the reading public is concerned. And yet I can not help feeling that some of us have been let in, and without our asking, on some kind of monstrous joke. Graham Greene's *The Shipwrecked* (issued under the title *England Made Me* in 1935) does not have any of the brooding, soul-searching qualities, or the fiercely black-and-white moralistic concepts, of his later Catholic-stamped novels, *The Heart of the Matter* and *The End of the Affair*. It is, at best, a skillful psychological thriller, very much in the vein of Mr. Greene's brilliant earlier "entertainments." Obviously it has been brought out again for the benefit of his vast Catholic and

non-Catholic audience who have arrived at the point where they will buy and read everything that bears the imprint of his name. Perhaps no one will be altogether disappointed with this reissue; for even those seeking further exploration into Greene's theological convictions are certain to come away from this minor work of his more aware than ever of his spellbinding gifts as a storyteller.

As for that queer, exasperating, posturing curiosity of fiction, *Hadrian the Seventh*, I cannot imagine why anyone has bothered to reprint it. Certainly this egocentric tour de force, which I remember used to titillate the *cognoscenti* in the thirties in London's Bloomsbury circles and Paris' Bohemia because of its sly overtures to paganism, its scurrilous assaults on several of Rolfe-Corvo's now-forgotten enemies and friends, is solely for the delectation of *roman à cleft* tasters and a handful of milvers, if there happen to be any at large. Just whether Rolfe-Corvo's book is on the Catholic Church's approved reading list I do not know. But I seriously doubt it is, any more than I believe for a moment that Ronald Firbank's novels with their mincing impiety are. There is one thing, nevertheless, in *Hadrian the Seventh's* favor: nowhere is it as

raffish, baffling, demonic or objectionable as its author has been made out to be.

Although it is almost fifteen years since I sat in on what it appeared might develop into a heated debate over this man, Rolfe-Corvo, between my English Lit. professor and two of his cronies, I can still hear those angry names the opposition called. This perverse writer's vanity would surely have been gratified at learning that a biography had been devoted entirely to him years after his death, I recall thinking, as I listened to those epithets, *charlatan*, *poseur*, *fraud*, hurled at the subject of A. J. A. Symon's controversial *The Quest for Corvo*. Now, rereading *Hadrian*, it is difficult to remember what had been proffered in defense of its author. Growing impatient after a quarter of the way through, I must admit Herbert Weinstock's penetrating and thoughtful introduction to the new edition made me have another go at it. But any reader who really perseveres here will have to ask himself the same question: Is this not, after all, an autobiography, wishful or not, of a thoroughly distasteful personality? Despite the uniqueness of the world seen through Corvo's self-flattering mirror (for his novel narrates the life story of George Arthur Rose, a twentieth-century Englishman who becomes Pope) the fictional embellishments do not deceive us. "What matters in *Hadrian the Seventh* is George Arthur Rose himself," cau-

tions Mr. Weinstock, "whose only history is here." But Mr. Weinstock and his publishers generously provide us with the biographical facts which, indeed, speak for themselves.

FREDERICK William Serfino Austin Lewis Mary Rolfe, known also as Frederick Baron Corvo and Fr. Rolfe, was born in London to lower-middle-class Protestant parents on July 22, 1860. Leaving home at the age of fifteen, he zigzagged through a life to which the descriptive "chequered" would attribute an irrelevant regularity. He taught ordinary subjects peculiarly to baffled students in several English schools; alternately quarreled with and coddled his abruptly acquired Catholicism; wrote gnomic, wrongheaded pamphlets and obscure but always brilliant and readable books; twice failed in attempts to become a priest. Figuratively at first, but then in reality, Rolfe took the road to Rome. And after Italianization set in, his vagabondage became so covert and complex, so crowded with unmentionable incident, that it all but baffles the chronicler. He played the piano, painted, dabbled in deep-sea and other photography, wrote triolets, designed furniture, lived "on his wits and the means of others." After, it is said, having plied a shabby gondola on the canals of Venice, Rolfe-Corvo died there on October 23, 1913.

If anyone objects to a subjective appraisal of Frederick Baron Corvo's

novel, it should not be his enthusiastic celebrants, his publishers, or the author himself, were he still with us. For no writer has, either through his literary executors or through his own sense of notoriety, been more publicized in relation to his writings than Rolfe-Corvo. So much so, now, that one thinks of the man and his questionable career even before his strange, rather fitful writing talent. Furthermore, there is his singular lack of simplicity in his search for faith, and the disturbing fact that even his reasons for turning to Catholicism or writing so intimately about his conversion are, if not all the wrong ones, as dubious, unspiritual and vain as his own complicated make-up. The reader, therefore, reserves every right to approach this book as he would approach any personal history. Thomas Merton's *The Seven Storey Mountain*, for example, would seem a likely choice for readers in search for any moving restatement of spiritual values. It, too, is a deeply personal document. But, unlike Corvo's mannered charade, it has slight pretensions and a much less secular appeal today.

Hadrian the Seventh is unquestionably overridden by the author's

propensity for self-torture. Even the colorful images, the lush, imaginative descriptions of the pageantry in the daily life of the Vatican, are overshadowed by Rolfe-Corvo's quasi-heroics and the taste he cultivated for self-flagellation. When Rose is asked why he never went to the Trappists, for instance, this is his reply:

"Because I went to something worse, to something infinitely, terribly more ghastly. Trappists live in beautiful silent solitude; they have clean water, beds, regular meals, and peace. I went to live in intellectual silence and solitude in an ugly, obscene mob, where clean water was a difficulty, food and a bed an uncertainty, and where I had inevitable certainty of ceaseless and furious conflict."

History has taught us that this is the stuff of which martyrs and also demagogues are made. Rolfe-Corvo's twentieth-century Hadrian is finally assassinated near the tomb of Hadrian the Emperor. Perhaps we could ask for no more logical spot to snuff out the life of a character who, like his creator, will always remain an enigmatic blend between demon and saint, fakir and prophet.

RICHARD McLAUGHLIN

Hadrian the Seventh
Knopf, \$3.50

The Shipwrecked
Viking, \$3.00

Old-School Diplomat

Turbulent Era: A Diplomatic Record of Forty Years, 1904-1945.

By Joseph C. Grew. Edited by Walter Johnson. Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols. 1560 pp. \$15.00.

AMBASSADOR GREW'S memoirs make no concessions to the specious ease of the literary streamline. Rather, they have the solidity and the grace of one of those twenty-year-old Rolls-Royce limousines that still can be seen occasionally going down Park Avenue or Michigan Boulevard. These 1500-odd pages will well repay the reader's effort, whether as a picture of the world in the last half-century, reflected in the mirror of American diplomacy; or as an addition to our knowledge of the dark passages that led to Pearl Harbor; or simply as the charming self-portrait of a gentleman of the old school.

The forty-odd years covered in these pages have been years in which the basic values of Western civilization have been twisted out of all recognition, not merely by the new totalitarian forces which have taken power in certain countries, but also more subtly at home. Coming, as this reviewer does, from a study of the hearings of the McCarran Committee on the Institute of Pacific Relations to the reading of these memoirs, from the confused, mixed and often base motivations of those who have formed our Pacific policy to the straightforward pages of Mr.

Grew — who is never afraid of incriminating himself — is like passing from the dank atmosphere of subterranean passages into clear October air. Whatever the limitations of his fundamentally nineteenth century attitudes — and they are minor limitations — one thing is clear as one reads: that American interests are safe in his hands. He has a firm grasp of his responsibility as a representative of the United States in its relationship with other nations. And, because of this, he approaches closer to a true internationalism, based upon balanced interests among balanced powers, than do the deracinated apostles of that sentimental one-worldism which so easily becomes the tool of any foreign nation that knows how to manipulate it.

Scion of a proper Bostonian family, Joseph C. Grew, after Harvard and a year and a half of mountain climbing and big-game hunting (the latter was to be useful in his diplomatic career), determined to enter the Foreign Service despite his father's wishes. "He had raised his boy to be a banker, but the boy had now developed other views. The fact that all previous males of the family had settled down respectably in Boston and had one and all gone into respectable business and had become respectable citizens registered not a whit with this headstrong youth."

Off he went to Cairo as private secretary to the vice-consul. That might have been his first and his last assignment. Those were the days of

political appointments, before the establishment of a career service, in the development of which Mr. Grew was to play so large a part. But the fates were with him. A hair-raising adventure in which he had shot a tiger under extreme difficulties was brought to the attention of President Theodore Roosevelt. "By Jove," said Teddy, "I'll have to do something for that young man." And the very next day, March 1, 1906, he was appointed Third Secretary of the Embassy of the United States in Mexico City. Thus was launched one of the most distinguished careers in the American diplomatic service.

At Mexico City, at St. Petersburg, at Berlin, and at Vienna, he served his apprenticeship in the days before World War I. With its outbreak came Grew's first serious responsibility. As First Secretary — and for an important period, *Chargé d'Affaires* — of the Berlin Embassy, he saw the first three years of the war from an unrivaled vantage point. Both in the negotiations between the United States and Germany on the unrestricted submarine warfare and in the efforts made in late 1916 to achieve a peace settlement, he played an important part. These were shocking years to those who lived through them. They are more shocking still to the reader with the rather sorry advantage of mid-century hindsight, for there emerges with startling clarity the features, then still undeveloped, of the world of our time.

Upon the thirty-four-year-old First Secretary of the Berlin Embassy it all bursts at once, and not only from the German side: terrorism as an instrument of national policy, deportation of populations, idealistic-sounding propaganda which systematically distorts the truth, and the steady dissolution of a common discourse between men. What disturbs Grew the most, painfully evident in his letters home, is the way in which supposedly neutral Americans refuse to weigh the rights and wrongs of the situation and to consider the national interests of their own country. What will perhaps disturb the reader of 1952 the most is the story of the failure of efforts to achieve a settlement after the grim *Somme* campaign of 1916. One carries away the very strong feeling that peace could have been secured then, had the belligerents been satisfied with less than total victory. A now-familiar picture is unrolled. Men seem to forget that war is simply a last recourse to achieve aims held vital; and that, as war takes place when negotiation is futile, civilized men negotiate when war has safeguarded the limited aims for which it was begun. The priority of lofty rhetoric over the real interests of the nations and over their common stake in the preservation of Western civilization made inevitable a war to the finish and a catastrophic peace, the only beneficiaries of which were Bolshevism and Nazism.

Mr. Grew was an observer, too, of the making of that peace, as secre-

tary to Colonel House. In the years between the wars he served as Minister to Switzerland, as Under Secretary of State, and as Minister to Turkey.

The culmination of his career, and that section of his experiences which has perhaps the greatest interest for the contemporary reader, comes in the nine years he served as Ambassador to Japan, from 1932 to 1941. Here he reveals himself in full maturity. His sympathy and understanding for the Japanese are great, but at no point does that sympathy sway his judgment as the representative of the United States. The story of those years, from the establishment of Manchukuo to Pearl Harbor, as seen through Mr. Grew's letters, papers and despatches, is a tragic one.

Without in any way minimizing the aggressive tendencies of the Japanese military, it is clear from this record that there existed in Japan a civilian peace party of potentially decisive strength. Had the policy for which Ambassador Grew stood been consistently followed in Washington, it seems likely that the Japanese-American war could have been avoided. That policy would not have been a policy of appeasement. It would have been one of firm resistance to continued aggression, combined, however, with a willingness to come to an agreement on the basis of mutual interests.

FRANK MEYER

Idyllic Industry

Forty-Seven Ways to Make Money in Florida. By Tom Q. and Mike Smith. Box 525, Coral Gables, Florida. 86 pp. \$1.25.

Tired of stoking the furnace? Getting shocked by your electric blanket? Then grab a bike, pedal down to Florida and make yourself a quick million raising melaleucas, budgies, and hydroponics.

At least those are three methods suggested by Tom Q. and "Mike" Smith, a man and wife team down Coral Gables way who have just written a provocative little book entitled *Forty-Seven Ways to Make Money in Florida*. Makes fine reading these winter evenings.

Before you are past the opening chapters, chances are you'll be hearing the sigh of palm trees and the gentle beat of the surf plus the steady tinkle of coin of the realm in the cash register. The Smiths have imagination, strong creative powers and a persuasive belief in good old Florida.

You don't have to go for hydroponics; there are forty-six other ways of pulling in that million. And, in case the word itself may stop that first flush of enthusiasm, the Smiths tell you that hydroponics is the art of growing plants in water by feeding them the proper nutrient solution. This is fine if you are a born deep-sea diver or like to keep your head under water among the cucumbers.

Our authors are neutral on such matters but cite the example of one couple who have made a nice pile growing submarine tomatoes in the winter time.

But the Smiths get more enthusiastic about budgies. In case you aren't an ambitious Audubon, a budgie is a shell parakeet and came over from Australia about the same time as Harry Bridges. Easy to raise, say the Smiths, adding that budgies are being snapped up by bird lovers at "from \$5 to \$6 straight from the egg shell." Our authors warn that you may have trouble buying breeders and, since the breeder comes before the egg, that is a problem. But the Smiths console us with this: "The best idea, probably, is to buy baby birds and wait for them to grow up. This takes a year." You can always sit it out at the Roney Plaza bar.

And don't dodge the driftwood. Our authors point with pride to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hughey of Miami Beach, who "stumbled over a spray-drenched log and into a lucrative business." In case you're a log-stumbler, you'll appreciate the Hugheys' quick action. They made a lamp out of the log and this started a chain reaction that led to a factory and lamps selling for up to \$500 each. You can pick up the driftwood along the Florida Keys. If you don't find it, you can always go swimming. This beats shoveling snow.

You can also grow exotic trees, as one couple does in Homestead.

Right from seed, too. Such as deliciosa, monstera, tangelos, and caramibolas. If you can't pronounce the names, you can still read order blanks; and this Homestead couple gets requests for monstera from as far away as Alaska. They're now rich, and the Smiths add smugly in their book that they're also "younger in spirit." That's more than *you* can say.

You can also grow papaya, and the Smiths bet you even-up that you didn't know this fruit has as much Vitamin A as butter. More important, papaya sells for as much as fifty cents a pound. Grow it in your back yard. The authors add hastily: "Buy plants from a grower who knows the papaya's sex life."

After this is mastered, say the Smiths, flies may bother your struggling little papayas. But there's an answer for that one in the book: "If you have some flies, and you will, go out each morning while the dew is still on the trees, and pick the flies by hand." In case you are a frost-bound Yankee who has never picked flies off papayas before the first cup of coffee, go down to Florida and try it. Wakes one up!

Leafing through the book, you can practically pick the vocation that suits your temperament. A Mr. Carl Balasky, the Smiths say, was sitting in his Miami yard "worrying about how to feed, clothe, and educate four children on a salary for two." We've all done that and we're on Balasky's side immediately. What

did he do? "As he worried, he carved a coconut into a funny face."

Don't be cynical. This Balasky fellow now has more money than you and your rich uncle put together. He's now turning out these souvenirs on an assembly line and driving a Cadillac. What have *you* got in your garage?

Hard to please. Then the Smiths have this thought: Make yourself some beauty cream of aloe vera. This is a plant from Africa and you can grow it in the back yard. Its leaves contain a jelly that can be converted into all sorts of medicinal preparations. Quite a market for it,

the Smiths say. Subject to frost is the aloe vera, but who isn't.

There are other formulae, including the processing of seaweed, raising tropical fish and raising melaleuca. The latter is an "ornamental, fast-growing tree prized by landscapers." Fellow from New York with heart trouble went to Florida and parlayed melaleucas into a bank account. Says now of his native Gotham, "No nostalgia for the wintry city sweeps over me. I know what state I'd be in if I were there. I'd be dead."

See you in Miami!

JAMES ANDREW MAYER

The Soft UNDERBELLY *of the* U.S.A.

By
RALPH DE TOLEDANO

IN THE early morning of January 25, 1945, a plane crashed as it took off from the Mexico City Airport. The body of Soviet Ambassador Constantine Oumansky lay in the burning wreckage. The crash was no accident. NKVD agents had planned it meticulously to send Oumansky — and the other members of his party — to that particular circle of Hell reserved for Communists.

The method of liquidation — a time bomb planted in the hold of the plane — was ironic. For Oumansky and his agents had labored mightily to place another time bomb against the soft underbelly of the U. S. A., in Central and South America, and the Caribbean. Protected by the immunity of his diplomatic status, he had helped to assemble it. When he was murdered, that other bomb had already begun to tick.

That bomb is still ticking today, loudly and ominously. Despite cold-war setbacks, the apparatus which Oumansky perfected and coordinated continues to operate. It threatens American security and the Panama Canal. It threatens the livelihood, and the lives, of millions of Latin Americans. It already has endangered the small degree of trust and cooperation between the Latin

nations and “el Coloso del Norte” — their name for the United States.

For Oumansky’s work — and the work of important Soviet agents who came before and after him — has already resulted in the virtual capture of Guatemala, a country strategically located in Central America. The Communist conspiracy has set up shop there. From Guatemala, a great espionage, sabotage, and propaganda organization works day and night for the Soviet Union, against the United States and the other countries of the hemisphere.

“A full-fledged Soviet beachhead is established on our flanks,” Representative John W. McCormack said last February. “The penetration by Soviet Communism in Guatemala has developed into a position of great peril.”

“Beachhead” is an understatement, for a beachhead can be contained. Guatemala has become a plague spot. As in Czechoslovakia before the Iron Curtain was rung down, Communists have taken over the key posts in the government. Government-owned radio stations and newspapers pour out propaganda in an incessant stream of vilification against the United States. It is couched in the delicate rhetoric of

Herr Goebbels and Tovarisch Vishinsky, and it has one theme: "el imperialismo Yanqui."

The Foreign Office is a tool in the hands of the Communists. Its consulates and embassies are centers of espionage, its world-wide diplomatic network is Stalin's post office. Anti-American propaganda is shipped out by the ton, under diplomatic seal. In New York, Guatemala's United Nations delegation votes cozily with the Soviet bloc against her sister nations.

Within the country itself, activists are trained and armed for sabotage and subversion in El Salvador, Honduras, Panama, the Canal Zone — or in any trouble spot where Spanish is spoken. Anti-Communists are beaten on the streets and in police stations. American movies often are barred, but Soviet propaganda films, such as those peddling the discredited charge that bacteriological warfare is being employed by the UN against the North Koreans, get a wide showing with the government's blessing.

In the Guatemalan Congress, labor and agrarian legislation is rammed through by a Popular Front coalition which, as usual, is dominated by the Communists. Documentary proof exists that this legislation is consciously planned to bring about a slow strangulation of the economy, to create economic chaos, and to drive out the foreign investors who have given Guatemaltecos a sound currency and one of the most

prosperous economies in Central America.

The Communists are moving slowly; they know that Moscow was not built in a day. They are playing not for Guatemala but for all of Latin America. Like the Nazis, their slogan is, "Tomorrow the world." The Communist assault on Latin America began two decades ago. The Communist International made gargantuan mistakes of strategy and tactics; it profited by these mistakes.

Guatemala is the result.

THE Guatemala pattern is the one the Communists hope to follow in every Latin Republic, eventually. At the moment they are concentrating their efforts on the Central American and Caribbean countries which straddle our lifeline of the critical supplies we must import from South America in increasing quantities, both in peace and in war.

The pattern was painfully developed after a series of reverses in Brazil, in Mexico, in Chile, in Peru, Cuba and other southern countries.

In Brazil, in the summer of 1935, a young Army officer by the name of Luis Carlos Prestes led a few regiments of soldiers and the tiny Communist Party in an armed revolt against the government. It had no chance of success and was savagely repressed.

In Mexico, during the middle 1930's, they gained a dominant position in the regime of President

Lazaro Cardenas, principally by taking advantage of Cardenas' deep-seated antipathy for the United States. It was during his regime that Vicente Lombardo Toledano — now regarded as the spearhead of the Communist conspiracy in Latin America — gained control of the Mexican labor movement, and expanded it by organizing the Confederacion de Trabajores de America Latino (CTAL), a Moscow-controlled federation of Latin American trade unions with tentacles reaching into every country south of the Rio Grande.

During the latter months of his presidency, however, Cardenas turned on the Communists, gradually stripping them of control of the larger unions, and forcing their members out of government jobs. Communist prestige in Mexico dwindled even more during the presidency of Aleman, who broke the last vestiges of control that Lombardo once enjoyed over the Mexican labor movement. Similar setbacks, following temporary successes, were suffered by the Communists in Chile, Peru, and later in Cuba.

From their reverses, however, the Communists learned an important lesson; politics in Latin America is governed by a shifting balance between the military and the professional politicians. To gain power, it was neither possible nor necessary to attempt a frontal assault.

From Moscow, new instructions went to the Latin American Com-

munist parties. According to the paraphrase of a one-time high Kremlin functionary, the orders were "no revolution, but participation in power be it ever so small. The pressure groups are advised to utilize all means that will serve the purpose to enter into any combination with political or military groups, be they democratic, fascist or socialist." The only thing exacted of these Latin American parties was a "common minimum program of direct or indirect support of Russia's acts and activities." Moscow even allowed a few key agents to join anti-Communist groups, in order to use them for anti-U. S. purposes.

THERE was also a slight shift of objectives. The long-range objective in Latin America, as in all parts of the world, remains the complete seizure of power. However, with the increasing intensity of the cold war, the Kremlin placed more and more emphasis on an immediate, or short-range objective — to create situations throughout Latin America, and particularly in Central America, that can be exploited to the advantage of the Soviet Union in the event of all-out war with the United States. To achieve this the Communists developed the following program:

1. To gain control of the labor and agrarian movements.
2. To aggravate to the maximum degree the deep-seated animosity that exists in all those countries

toward the United States and especially toward U. S. private investment.

3. To drive U. S. private investment out of Latin America.

4. To disrupt slowly local economies to the point that political and social chaos can be quickly and easily created.

This was the pattern they followed so successfully in Guatemala.

GUATEMALA lies just below the Yucatan bulge of the Caribbean coast, straddling Central America from Atlantic to Pacific. On its 45,452 square miles of lowland, upland and mountain live some three million people. Its principal crops are coffee and bananas.

Its principal emotion is hatred of the United States.

In the 1930's and early 1940's, Guatemala was ruled by a dictatorship under General Jorge Ubico. His policies leaned toward the U. S.; his government was no more corrupt or ruthless than that of any one of a dozen Latin American countries. If he did not look after the welfare of his people, at least he did not consciously seek to destroy the economy which sustained them.

In 1944, a coalition of garden-variety revolutionists, idealists, young military officers, leftists, and Communists overthrew the Ubico regime. A military-civilian junta took over the government. It promised free elections and, *mirabile dictu*, kept the promise. The newly formed

revolutionary parties united to elect Juan José Arévalo to the presidency. Arévalo, a school teacher who had spent years of exile in Argentina, preached a vague political and economic doctrine of "spiritual socialism." Probably, he was no more a Communist than Henry Wallace in his Progressive Party phase. But, like Wallace, he was a complete tool of the Communists, worth more to them out of the party than in it.

His first important act as president was to push through the Guatemalan Congress a labor reform law. Then he invited Lombardo Toledano and the Communist-dominated CTAL to come to Guatemala and organize the workers into unions. Within months, 50,000 Guatemaltecos were strait-jacketed into labor groups, headed and controlled by Communists. The Mexican experience was duplicated, with one critical difference. Unlike Cardenas, Arévalo was not the leader but the puppet. Lombardo saw to it that the new unions were organized along strictly political lines. The Communist labor leaders quickly consolidated their power by demanding, and obtaining, seats in the councils of the major political parties.

To cement control of the unions, Lombardo turned them over to two of Guatemala's leading Communists — Victor Manuel Gutierrez and Manuel Pinto Usaga. Of these, the more important is Gutierrez, a brilliant young Marxist intellectual, member of Congress, history pro-

fessor, and power in the strongest political party, Partido Accion Revolucionaria (PAR). He has made his pilgrimage to Moscow and said his litany: "Communism is one of the highest revolutionary ideals of humanity."

Two years ago, Communist labor power was further consolidated when Lombardo and the Communist high command for Latin America ordered Blas Roca, the Cuban Red leader, to Guatemala City. With his help, the unions were brought together into a federation, the Confederacion General de Trabajadores de Guatemala (CGTG), headed by Gutierrez, with Pinto Usaga as the second in command. (Since then, Pinto has been appointed Consul General to Mexico, a post which allows him to maintain direct contact with the large Mexican underground and particularly with the Russian and Polish embassies in Mexico City, through which are channelled the instructions from the Kremlin to their Latin American stooges.)

THE labor movement was only the first of Arévalo's gifts to the Communists. From the very beginning, he opened Guatemala's doors to Communists from other Latin American countries: José Zamora of El Salvador, Virginia Bravo Letelier of Chile, Vicente Saenz of Costa Rica, and Cesar Godoy Urrutia of Chile — Communists all, devoted to the subversion of Guatemala and their own countries.

The president made Zamora his publicity chief, a post which enabled him to supervise the thorough infiltration by Communists and reliable fellow travelers of all government propaganda agencies. Under Zamora, the government-owned newspapers and its radio station (TGWA) became effective propaganda outlets for Guatemalan Communists. (The present director of TGWA is Carlos Alvarado Jerez, an avowed Communist who attended the recent International Peace Conference in Peiping as an official Guatemalan delegate.) Free radio time was given to Communist organizations on the government station to attack the United States.

Newscasts and educational programs followed the party line — and still do — as faithfully as *Octubre*, the official Guatemalan Communist newspaper. The *Diario de Centro America*, the government-owned daily, under the editorial direction of Leopoldo Castillo Saenz, is virtually a carbon copy of *Octubre*. The path toward Communist domination of the press taken under Arévalo has been followed ever since. *Nuestro Diario*, a slightly leftist paper, turned strongly Red about two years ago. When a political writer slipped in an article criticizing the government's pro-Communist policies, he was fired. The entire editorial staff resigned in protest and set up a financially weak but vigorously independent daily, *Prensa Libre*. *Nuestro Diario* was restaffed

with "reliable" elements, became forthrightly Communist, and is now receiving a substantial government subsidy.

Arévalo also turned over to the Communists the Institute of Social Security, the nation's welfare agency, and opened the doors of the Ministries of Public Health, Foreign Affairs, and Education.

Toward the end of Arévalo's six-year term, two candidates emerged to seek his office: Colonel Jacobo Arbenz, the Minister of Defense, and Colonel Arana, the Army Chief of Staff — both members of the junta which overthrew Ubico in 1944. Arévalo, the Communists, and the extreme leftists supported Arbenz. Arana, however, not only had the support of the Army and the conservatives, but he was widely popular with the people.

A few months before the election, Arana learned of an arms cache near Lake Amatitlan, about 35 miles from Guatemala City. He informed Arbenz that he was investigating personally. On the road to Amatitlan, Arana's car was ambushed and he was murdered by two men with submachine guns. His chauffeur escaped and identified the assassins as an army captain and a member of the notorious Caribbean Legion.

The murder of Arana left Arbenz virtually unopposed. When he assumed the Presidency, one of his first acts was to appoint the two alleged assassins of Arana to influential government posts.

DESPITE the scandal surrounding Arana's assassination, many conservatives felt that Arbenz would make a good president. He was an Army man, of considerable wealth, and they felt that his alliance with the Communists was motivated by political expediency rather than ideological sympathy. This view persists, though Arbenz' administration has in no way strayed from Red orthodoxy. A brief catalogue of his acts show this clearly:

1. He has continued in office the Communists and fellow travelers appointed by Arévalo or replaced them with other Communists or fellow travelers.

2. He named as one of the three judges of the Elections Board, Jaime Diaz Rozzotto, who helped organize the Moscow-inspired Partisans for Peace Committee in Guatemala and served as its first general secretary. One of the other judges is Alfonso Orantes, co-chairman of the Partisans for Peace Committee. Thus the Communists have control of the politically powerful three-man board, which has final jurisdiction in all election disputes.

3. He later made Rozzotto secretary of the Presidency of the Republic, where he acts as a sort of *chef de cabinet* and wields strong influence in the formation of administration policies. Rozzotto is also Secretary General of Renovacion Nacional (RN), one of the five government political parties. He has been replaced on the Elections

Board by another fellow traveler.

4. He has publicly proclaimed that anti-Communist activities in Guatemala are "subversive."

5. He has received personally at the Palace a steady stream of visiting Communists.

6. He reviewed, with his entire cabinet, the last May Day parade, a Communist demonstration in which platoon after platoon of marchers passed the reviewing stand carrying banners with such slogans as "Yankees, Hands Off Korea" and "UN is the Vile Instrument of Financial Forces of U. S."

7. He ignored a section of the Guatemalan Constitution which prohibits the existence of any political party that owes allegiance to a foreign power or international movement. Shortly after Arbenz' inauguration the Communists came out into the open and proclaimed themselves a Communist Party. Under Arévalo they had stayed strictly in the background. Acting on direct orders from Moscow, José Manuel Fortuny was named secretary general of the Guatemalan Communist Party, and *Octubre* now carries the slogan, "Official organ of the Communist Party of Guatemala," on its masthead. For the first time the Communist Party put up its own slate of candidates. But, despite numerous petitions from citizen groups, Arbenz refused to act. He even ignored the petitions, one of which bears 100,000 signatures, although Guatemalan law says a for-

mal petition must be answered by the President within a stipulated period of time.

8. He has threatened to use force to suppress anti-Communist meetings. On March 23 a huge demonstration was held in Guatemala City under the auspices of the Joint Anti-Communist Coordinating Committee and the *Comite Civito Nacional*, an anti-Red group headed by a lawyer, Jorge Adan Serrano. An estimated 75,000 to 100,000 people attended (this figure is probably a bit exaggerated). The meeting was held to protest Arbenz' failure to answer formal petitions challenging the legality of the Communist Party. At the meeting new petitions were drafted demanding enforcement of the Constitution and the expulsion of Communists from the government. Arbenz ignored the demands and the next day announced that any new unauthorized demonstrations would be broken up by force.

9. He allowed a government official, the director of the radio station, to head the Guatemalan delegation to the International Peace Conference at Peiping. Other delegates to this Communist-inspired and Communist-controlled conference were José Alberto Cardoza, member of Congress; Juan Autorio Cruz Franco, co-chairman of the local "peace" committee; Carmen Moran, head of the Committee for Protection of Children, in Guatemala; and Francisco Caligia Del Valle, of *El Imparcial*, leading independent daily.

10. He threw the full support of his government behind the unions in the persistent "squeeze" of the United Fruit Company, the International Railways, Empresa Eléctrica (the American-owned power company), and Pan American Airways. Arbenz publicly supported a recent strike against the railroad, although it was clearly in violation of Guatemalan law, and congratulated the workers when the strike was settled to their satisfaction. An important aspect of the recent strike against Pan American was that one of the few issues which delayed the settlement was the demand of the union for complete control over who is employed and discharged. This would have given the Communist leaders control over the PAA radio communications facilities, which could be dangerous to the security of the United States in event of full-scale war.

11. He continued to allow the government propaganda facilities to be used to spread pro-Communist and anti-United States propaganda.

AT ONE TIME Arbenz seemed on the verge of breaking with the Communists. Last year he vetoed a set of labor code amendments, which were sponsored by Gutierrez. The amendments were so extreme that it would have been virtually impossible for an employer to discharge an employee — for any reason whatsoever. They set up a scale of severance and sick leave pay which

would have bankrupted private business.

But the real story behind the veto is that Gutierrez, himself, wanted the amendments killed. He had just received new orders from Moscow that he should avoid any action which might create widespread resentment, either in Guatemala or among neighboring Central American republics. In the Party's parlance, this was the "Go Slow" order. So Gutierrez simply worked out a deal with Arbenz, "granting" to the President the authority to veto the labor amendments and allowing him to take full credit among the conservatives. But the President's end of the deal was a pledge — which he kept — to push through Congress an agrarian reform program which the Communists had drafted.

The author of the Agrarian Reform legislation, passed by the Congress after minor amendment, was Gutierrez. It was a bulky, unwieldy, and explosive piece of legislation, aimed at the expropriation of land, the reversion of agriculture to un-economic methods, the bankruptcy of the agricultural economy, and the creation of a threat to be held over all landholders. Under its terms, disputes over expropriation were taken out of the hands of the courts and turned over to a special set of committees — Communist-dominated, of course — which could set indemnification of owners of expropriated property and parcel it out to any persons it chose. In other

words, it was "reform" which fostered patronage, uncertainty, and economic trouble.

Guatemalan Communists have openly boasted that the goal of their labor and agrarian policies is to drive out North American enterprises and U. S. capital. This has a wide appeal among Guatemaltecos whose residual antagonism to the "Yanqui" has been stirred up by persistent government propaganda. But the Communists are faced with a problem. Direct expropriation of foreign business might result in complete economic collapse of the nation, and would leave them holding a big and very unpopular bag. It is their hope to do the job by making things so difficult for the United Fruit Company, for Pan American Airways, the railroad and the power company that they will pull out. Then the Reds can blame the "Wall Street imperialists" for the economic misery of the country. The instrument for this policy is, of course, repressive labor and agrarian legislation.

BUT the Communist camarilla, which has carefully refrained from open seizure of power, for fear of reactions among other Latin American states, has been less shy in its external affairs. Arévalo gave them the Foreign Office, and Arbenz permitted them to keep it. Arévalo's Foreign Minister, Dr. Enrique Munoz Meany, was completely subservient to Moscow.

Munoz sent the Costa Rican Communist, Saenz, to the important Bogota Conference where the constitution of the Organization of American States was drafted and plans for hemisphere defense mapped out. At this conference, Guatemala was a close second to Argentina in efforts to obstruct the agreement. An economic agreement among the American nations was shelved, primarily as a result of Guatemalan maneuvers.

At a more recent OAS conference, called to formulate plans for hemisphere defense against Communist infiltration, Foreign Minister Galich played the same role. When he returned to Guatemala, he publicly boasted that he had inserted so many qualifications, and so forced the U. S. to weaken the proposed program that it was virtually meaningless. No Communist, he said, need have any fears of the OAS program.

Under Munoz and Galich, the Guatemalan diplomatic corps has been honeycombed with Communists. Diplomatic immunity allows them to carry out subversive work with minimum risk. The diplomatic pouch — as it moves from Paris to the other capitals of the world — gives them a first-class, foolproof courier service. In the past years, three Guatemalan diplomats have been expelled from their posts in friendly countries for Communist activities:

The Guatemalan Ambassador to

Panama recently was given 48 hours to leave the country or be declared *persona non grata*. He left.

The first secretary to the Embassy in Nicaragua, Alfred Chocano, was seized on his arrival there. His "diplomatic" luggage was crammed with Communist literature. Chocano was permitted to assume his post, but six months later he was declared *persona non grata* because of activities against the Nicaraguan government. The Guatemalan government rewarded its diplomat by appointing him *charge d'affaires* to the Embassy in Washington. He is now its first secretary.

Carlos Manuel Pellecer was expelled from France, where he was secretary to the Embassy, when two cases of Communist propaganda were found in his luggage. While working in Paris, Pellecer had granted visas to some three hundred Spanish Communists, mostly veterans of the Loyalist Army. Some of these men turned up in the Caribbean Legion, which attempted to overthrow the governments of Costa Rica and the Dominican Republic.

In the foreign field, dozens of professional agitators on the Guatemalan civil service payroll move back and forth to Honduras, El Salvador, and other Latin American countries, distributing propaganda, organizing and agitating against friendly neighbors, and engaging in other Communist activities. El Salvador was forced to revoke its tourist card agreement with Guatemala. It now insists

on visas and carefully screens all visa applications. When the El Salvadoran President, Oscar Osorio, recently declared a state of siege to prevent a Communist coup, his first act was to seal the border. Though it has since been reopened, Guatemalans entering the country are subjected to an intensive search.

Perhaps the most important Communist in the Foreign Office is one Castaneda, an avowed Party member. Strategically, though humbly placed, he holds the job of official translator. Castaneda participates in all important conferences and diplomatic discussions. He has access to all diplomatic correspondence. One of his unofficial duties was to keep an eye on Galich, whom the Communists suspected of being restive — though no U. S. diplomat found any outward evidence to support this suspicion.

This penetration of the foreign service is dramatically visible at the United Nations. Guatemala's delegates often have either voted with the Soviet bloc, of which Guatemala is a covert member, or abstained. They were the only Latin American delegation, for example, which sided with Russia in a vote on a resolution condemning the Mutual Security Act of 1951. When the Soviet Union sought to block UN attempts at bringing about conciliation between Israel and Iraq, all the nations voted against it with the exception of the Iron Curtain countries — and Guatemala.

FOR ITS propaganda effect, moreover, 21 members of the Congress signed a Communist proclamation last June, aimed at the United Nations and particularly the United States. It congratulated the "heroic defenders of North Korea" for standing up against the "imperialist invaders" — namely the UN, of which Guatemala is presumably a member in good standing — and their "bacteriological warfare." The signers included the President of the Congress, its First Vice President, and other prominent deputies.

An apologist for the Communists might well say at this point: "All of these considerations are extraneous. What has the so-called Communist-dominated government done for the people of Guatemala?" The answer would not reassure him. Only the continuing high price of coffee on the world market, and the excellent market conditions for the Guatemalan product in the United States, have prevented economic catastrophe since the Communists took over.

Despite this, the potentially wealthy economy has begun to show serious signs of stress. The adoption of the Agrarian Reform Law in June, 1952, caused a sharp business recession. The steady flight of domestic capital to foreign banks, begun under the Arévalo regime, increased suddenly and markedly. It has been estimated that between \$50 million and \$60 million of Guatemalan capital is on deposit in U. S., Cuban, and Swiss banks, or invested

abroad, where it does the country no good.

The once lucrative tourist trade began to dwindle as a result of adverse publicity and the abortive revolt which followed the assassination of Colonel Arana. It has been literally throttled recently by the unnecessary strike against Pan American Airways — a strike called for political rather than economic reasons. Hotels, shops, and native industries in Guatemala City, Antigua, and Chichicastenango are suffering heavy losses. Although PAA service has been resumed, Guatemaltecos see little prospect of a return of the tourist.

The operations of the United Fruit Company, which had already been hampered by restrictive government policies and the Communist-packed Labor Courts, were further affected by a series of "blow downs" which badly hurt the banana industry. Banana exports were \$18 million in 1947. They fell to \$6 million in 1951. Because of prolonged labor disputes, they will be even lower in 1952.

Living costs have increased almost 30 per cent since 1946. The cost of food has increased over 50 per cent. Even these figures do not fully reflect the inflation; they come from official Guatemalan sources which have steadily rigged statistics to minimize adverse trends.

Under Arévalo and Arbenz, a treasury surplus has been dissipated and a national debt incurred. It is

estimated to be in excess of \$27 million — although even the Guatemalan government itself does not know the exact figure. The estimate is based on a partial investigation made by a government commission.

Meanwhile, the budget has multiplied more than five-fold — from \$11,800,000 in 1944 to \$63,400,000 in the current fiscal year. Over 30 per cent of this money is not subject to public accounting, and much of it goes toward the financing of Communist activities in Guatemala and in neighboring Latin countries.

GEOLOGISTS believe that Guatemala has at least enough petroleum under its soil to supply all domestic needs. The government has not permitted any development of these oil resources by U. S. companies — the only ones willing to risk the necessary capital. As a result, the country is forced to import gasoline and oil to keep its internal combustion engines going.

Aviateca, the government-owned airline, has been suffering a steady loss of revenue. It operates now at a substantial deficit. The government railways have deteriorated, principally because of inefficient management. The motor road system has been neglected, primary highways have been allowed to run down, and new highways have not been constructed.

This is what eight years of Communist domination have done.

Guatemala is a problem. It is also

an example of what may happen — is already happening — in other Latin American countries. The pattern is being repeated in Costa Rica where the Communists have reportedly made a deal with the leading candidate for the presidency, José Figueres. In return for their support, Figueres is said to be willing to give them control of the labor movement and to allow them an important place in his government.

Figueres has already made it clear that he will conduct business on a strictly anti-U. S. basis. He has promised to drive out the United Fruit Company, and other U. S. investors, a move which would bring economic collapse to his country. The conservatives are divided, but even if they form a united front, they can hardly muster enough strength to defeat him.

In Honduras and El Salvador, anti-Communist governments are struggling with adept Communist agitators who are exploiting the poverty and social unrest prevalent in those countries. President Osorio of El Salvador recently rounded up 1,200 Communists and other left-wingers and threw them into prison for conspiring to overthrow his government.

Panama has its own problems. The Canal Zone, an easy bomber's flight from Guatemala, has a sizable Fifth Column equipped with plans of all installations. The plans were stolen by Soviet agents.

COMMUNIST success in Latin America has been achieved thus far by a small group of skilled and energetic men who have been able to enlist in their conspiracy a conglomeration of bemused idealists, fanatical nationalists, and venal politicians interested solely in the "mordita" (the little bite of graft). With these — and playing on generations of anti-Yanqui antagonism — they have been able to draw in the workers and peons and to capitalize on their hopes by making the loudest and most lavish promises. That local nationalists parrot Communist propaganda has given it a kind of credibility which the Communists alone could never have achieved.

On the other hand, the very fact that the Communists have to depend so heavily on the non-Communists, presents to American diplomacy an opportunity to drive a wedge between them. This opportunity has been summed up by one diplomat:

"Through persistent, patient, and tactful employment of the art of persuasion, to convince Latin Americans in general and Latin American officials in particular, first of the true character of the Communist conspiracy, and second of the genuine good will felt toward all of their countries by the U. S. government and the vast majority of U. S. citizens."

This strategy has already produced results in Mexico and Cuba, where the governments have ousted

Communist leaders — at least temporarily — from key labor unions.

The same strategy apparently is now being followed by Ambassador Schoenfeld in Guatemala, though with no visible results as yet. On the official level at least, it has produced results in El Salvador and Honduras, whose governments seem fully alert to Communist methods and Communist tactics.

However favorable these developments may be in comparison, they should not be overemphasized. They have resulted principally from convincing a few key officials of the nature of the Communist conspiracy. Thus far, the Voice of America program and the State Department's other propaganda efforts have failed to produce any tangible results among the restless, impoverished masses.

The effects of thirty years of Communist propaganda directed against U. S. investment, most of it unchallenged, are evident among all classes in Central America, even those most hostile to Communism, and in all countries, even those in which the Communists themselves have never been able to gain a foothold.

"The time has long since passed," one American remarked, "when all we had to do when a U. S. firm got in trouble down here was to walk into the office of some politico, bang our fist on his desk, and, if he seemed obdurate, threaten to call a regiment of Marines."

It has been strongly recommended

that firms with large stakes in that area immediately undertake long-range public relations programs, designed:

1. To counteract the Communist propaganda against them.
2. To build up good will for U. S. investors, generally.
3. To convince all segments of the local populations that the firm is genuinely interested in the economic development of their country and in improving the living standards of the people.

The need of private firms to undertake their own programs to build up public and official good will in Central America is increased by the fact that the one overriding responsibility of the embassy staffs today is the preservation of our national security.

THE United States government regards the presence of an aggressive, well-organized, Communist-influenced conspiracy in Central America as the greatest threat existing in this hemisphere to our security. As long as our relations with the Soviet Union continue at anything approaching current tensions, Embassy officials will subordinate all other problems to their efforts to woo influential Central American politicians away from the Communists. While nobody puts it in so many words, it is obvious that, if making strong representations in behalf of a U. S. private investor might ruffle the feelings of the offi-

cials they are trying to win, the interests of the investor will be shunted aside in favor of the national interest.

The picture is hardly a cheerful one. State Department officials in Washington and those in the Embassy at Guatemala City are convinced that as long as the present coalition of Communists and politicians holds together, it cannot be upset by a free election. They are also convinced that as long as the army remains complacent, there is little possibility of a successful coup. They draw back from any suggestion that tough talk is the answer. Economic sanctions, too, are out of the question. Such a course might topple the Communists, but it would also topple Guatemala, with a resultant increase in anti-Yanqui sentiment.

American diplomats are also hampered by the heavy albatross they wear around their necks. It was the State Department which virtually forced many Latin American states to recognize the Soviet Union in the 1930's. This is one fact which Latin nationalists do not forget.

The State Department, while it waits for the dust to settle in Latin America, is counting on two eventualities. The United States has anti-Communist allies in the Organization of American States and in the Organization of Central American States. Little El Salvador has been working mightily to put Guatemala's Red regime on the spot in the OCAS. There are some indica-

tions that this pressure from fellow Latin Americans is having some effect on President Arbenz. Rumors are plentiful that the Communists are beginning to distrust him.

The power of the Guatemalan army is recognized by the State Department. It has been established beyond doubt that the junior officers are becoming restive. They do not approve of their Red gauleiters. They have, it is said, begun to wonder what will happen to them on the day the Communists decide to stage an open coup. So they are being wooed by the large military and air missions assigned to the U. S. Embassy.

Ever present in State Department thinking is the hope that we can bribe the Guatemalan non-Communists with large loans. An offer of \$3 million to help Guatemala complete its stretch of the Pan American Highway was ignored by Arbenz two years ago. The Guatemalan ambassador to Washington has suddenly shown reawakened interest. Guatemala has graciously decided to accept our dollars. If the money is advanced without substantial concession to the United States, however, American prestige

will tumble. Without demanding a *quid pro quo*, we will become the laughing stock of Latin America. Politicians, even greedy ones, don't admire patsies.

From time to time, there is talk of an effective counterbarrage which will answer Communist propaganda. Such talk is easy, but the job is complex. It must be carried out by people who believe in American principles — and respect Latin Americans; by Americans who believe in free enterprise and political democracy — but who realize that the road to both of them is sometimes arduous; by Americans who do not spend their evenings denigrating the government they serve during the day. The key words: Good will at all times; patience when it is called for; obduracy when it is required.

There are no cheap solutions. But the price of failure, for the United States and Latin America, will be higher than the costliest success. For failure will mean that the ticking bomb planted by Constantine Oumansky, by Lombardo Toledano, and by Stalin's other busy men, will explode.

The roar will drown out the sound of all the gunfire in Korea.



» People who have no weaknesses are terrible; there is no way of taking advantage of them.
— Anatole France

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